FEBRUARY 22, 1968 35c

down beat

THE BIWEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZ

With Bob Hope In Vietnam—A Jazzman's Report

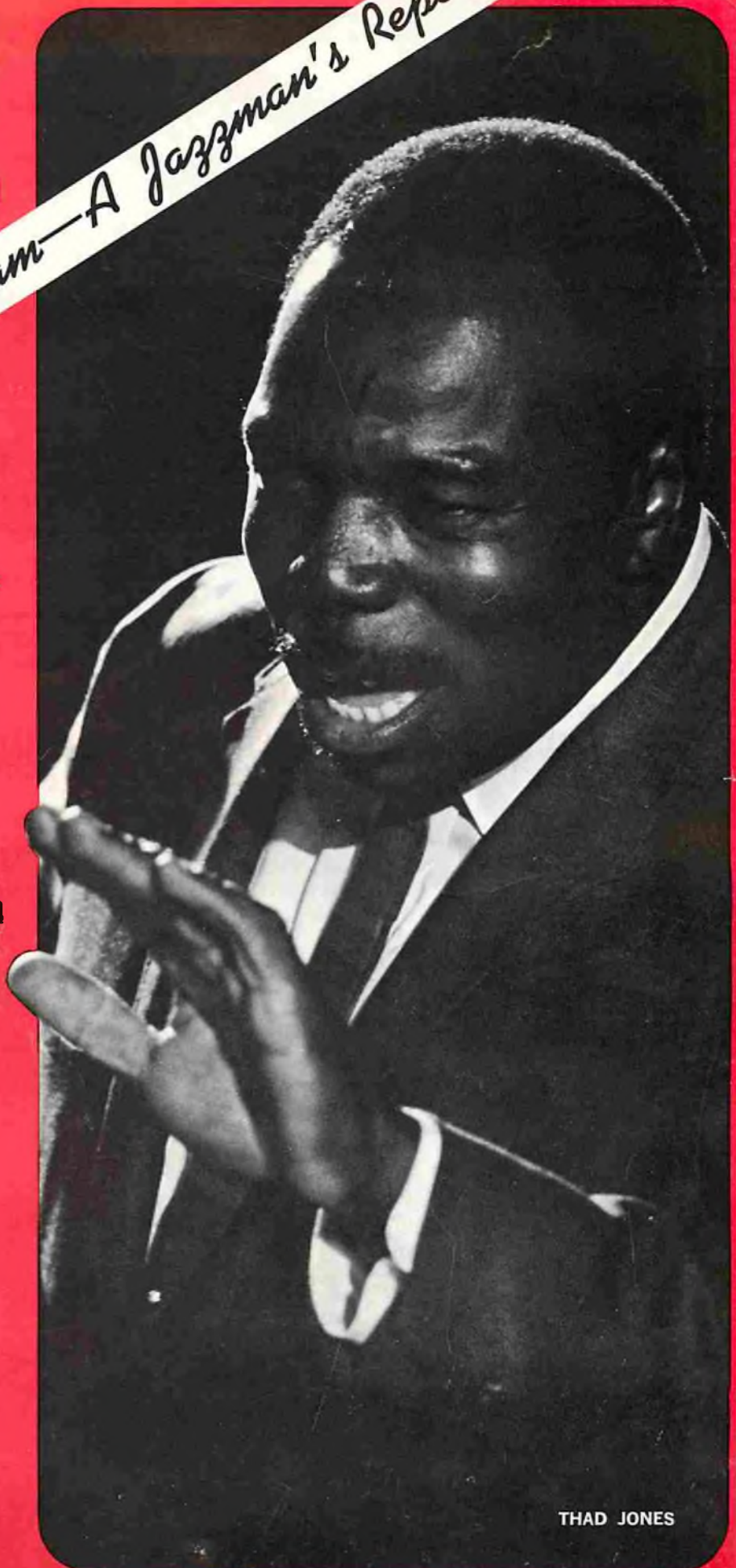
ARRANGER-COMPOSER ISSUE:

Thad Jones On The Arranger's Craft

Johnny Richards— Man with a Passion

Third Stream Visitation With Gunther Schuller

n Williams On es Mingus



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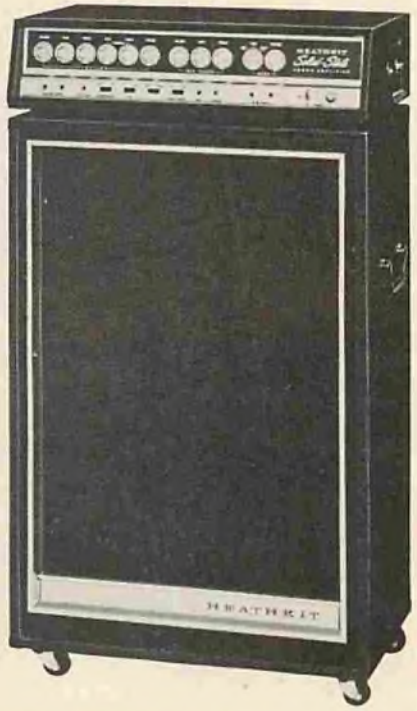

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CHORDS & DISCORDS

A Forum For Readers

Frankly Speaking

As I see it, a good jazz critic, when reviewing an album, has at least *one* comment, pro or con, on each track in that album and, in many cases, most of the soloists individually; and does not begrudge his readers that precious list of personnel. Let *that* fault remain with the record companies, please.

I don't think a reviewer should waste words (and space) telling readers how he hates typing out names of musicians, etc.; nor should he, in an album consisting of *eight* tracks, dismiss two of them with one brief jive sentence and proceed to cancel out the entire remainder of the album with words like "no need to buy this one," etc., as Michael Zwerin did in his review of the album *Woody Live East and West* (*DB*, Dec. 28).

Now, is that a review? And doesn't an artist like Woody deserve a bit more, or am I all wrong about musicians, critics, and reviews?

Okay, so he didn't like the album; but I think he could have given it a more complete review (for the amount of space used). If he didn't think it merited a more complete review, hell, you might as well have sent it to my landlord to be reviewed, as far as I'm concerned.

One more thing: If Basie can revisit on record *Jumpin' at the Woodside; Little Pony; Shiny Stockings; One O'Clock Jump* and, oh yes, *April in Paris* (check it out if you care to), what's wrong with Woody's revisiting *Four Brothers* and *The Preacher?*

I've been trying to tell people that jazz musicians should make the best jazz record reviewers. I'll shut up if they continue to be like this one. No stars for Zwerin.

Frank B. Foster
So. Ozone Park, N.Y.

Setting It Straight

Concerning the *Woody Live East and West* album:

The liner notes are inaccurate regarding solo credits in a few places, which happens, understandably so, on live big-band albums. I play the first 16 bars of the 2 solo choruses on *Four Brothers (Revisited).* Period. Nothing else.

I'm allowing myself to set things straight just this once.

Sal Nistico
New York City

Webster, Unabridged

In my letter to the editor (*DB*, Jan. 11) I took umbrage at your reviewer (Pete Welding) for omitting my name from the compositions *A Time for Love* and *The Shadow of Your Smile.* I was pleased that you printed my demurrer, but displeased by some of the italicized comments subscribed below it. To wit: "Lyricists, of course, collect royalties for instrumental recordings as well as vocal ones, but must they also receive critical acclaim when the melody alone is under discussion?"

The answer is yes! Whether the composition merits bouquets or brickbats, whether it be instrumental or vocal, a song is a fusion, a marriage, a meld, and it is next to impossible, in the course of a close collaboration, to tell who influenced what, or where the music left off and where the words began.

To illustrate: *The Shadow of Your Smile.* Here, Johnny (Mandel) composed the melody of the chorus first and obviously his music influenced the direction, style, and mood of my words. However, when it came to the verse, I wrote the words first and just as obviously the metrical pattern that I presented to Johnny influenced the direction, style, and mood of his music. And so it goes.

The fact that Mr. Welding, as you point out, took his credits from the liner notes, is scarcely mitigating inasmuch as the record label carries the correct credits and is instantly accessible to the reviewer. (I might add that Leonard Feather, for some unaccountable reason, seems to make a habit of omitting lyricists' names from his reviews.)

In conclusion, *Down Beat's* post-script to my letter failed to clear up the inconsistency (pointed out in my letter) of mentioning the lyricist (Johnny Burke) of *Here's That Rainy Day,* but not the lyricist of *A Time for Love* and *The Shadow of Your Smile.* For surely, in the case of *Rainy Day,* the "melody alone was under discussion."

Hoping that this exchange of letters will have a constructive and, perhaps, remedial effect on your editorial policy.

Paul Francis Webster
Los Angeles, Calif.

We are not unfamiliar with the contributions of such as Larry Hart, Ira Gershwin, John Latouche, Andy Razaf, and other superior lyricists. We even recall the great job Mr. Webster did on **I've Got It Bad** *and other Ellington compositions. We don't think, however, that it was the verse that made* **Shadow of Your Smile** *a hit, for it already was becoming one when it was just known as the (verseless)* **Theme from Sandpiper.** *As for the inclusion of Johnny Burke, it's just that Burke-Van Heusen, the team, has become a sort of household term, like Rodgers and Hart, or Fields-McHugh. Someday, we might think of Mandel-Webster in the same natural way.*

Full Agreement

I have just finished reading Pete Welding's excellent article concerning the Beatles (*DB*, Jan. 11) and could not possibly agree more fully with his observations.

John Gabree obviously has not the slightest knowledge about the subject, as his innumerable errors indicated so graphically.

I am 26 years old and have been a professional full-time musician for the past 8 years. During that time I have witnessed the emergence of the only significant pop group with at least some degree of sophistication—the Beatles. The Rolling Stones have not even scratched the surface musically or professionally, making Gabree's

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comments even more ludicrous (although I doubt this is possible). . . .

Don Morrow
Houston, Texas

Accolade

Hot Damn!! *The Real Nina Simone* (*DB*, Jan. 11); what can I say? Thank you? Bless you? Not only was the interview a smash, but the pictures were electricity-sharp. I went out and bought ten copies. A chalice of it for Michael Zwerin. He understands Nina as her devoted fans (and I am proudly one) do.

Who is the *real* Nina Simone? She is as real as love and joy and pain and heartbreak and beauty.

Harold Zemer
Austin, Texas

Words Of Praise

I was surprised and dismayed to read the letter from Al Padovano (*DB*, Jan. 11). Padovano takes vehement exception to Ira Gitler's review of the album *Mama Too Tight* (*DB*, Nov. 30) by Archie Shepp. In my opinion, Gitler's review is a discerning and courageous piece. . . .

The developments in jazz of the last seven or eight years have placed the jazz critic in a difficult position, because the new music has demanded to be judged according to standards of value which are only now beginning to be formulated. In such an atmosphere of experimentation, the need for intelligent criticism is great—not for the artists themselves, but for their listeners, who often need help in coming to terms with an art which, on first exposure, sometimes seems chaotic and strange. The Gitler review of Don Cherry's *Symphony for Improvisers* is an example of this kind of penetrating criticism—and so is his review of the Shepp record. . . .

The case of Archie Shepp presents special problems for the jazz critic. In *Down Beat* and other publications, Shepp has provided a very loud and lengthy indictment of the American music world for the mistreatment and neglect it has shown him. One of the most crushing of these abuses, apparently, has been Joe Termini's refusal to allow Shepp free access to the Five Spot. What Shepp has really tried to do is create a situation in which any adverse criticism of his music is impossible: such criticism would immediately be attacked as reactionary, malicious, and above all, anti-Negro.

The irony is that when Shepp puts a horn in his mouth he loses the greater share of his eloquence. Beside the other leaders of the avant garde—Coleman, Coltrane, Dolphy, Ayler, Sanders et al.—Shepp appears a lightweight indeed. His music is largely contrivance; when it is sincere it gropes uncertainly and unleashes his pent-up rage in strident tirades of no significance to anyone but himself.

Gitler has not been intimidated by Shepp's published remarks, and has seen Shepp's music for what it is. For this he merits our gratitude, not our condemnation.

Thomas Conrad
Iowa City

SWINGING FOR STATE: MORE JAZZ TOURS IN '68

Junior Wells, who sings, plays harmonica, and is considered one of the foremost representatives of the contemporary urban blues sound, returned to the U.S. Jan. 21 after a successful 10-week tour of Africa under the auspices of the State Department's Bureau of Educational and Cultural Affairs.

Wells and his Blues Band (Douglas Fagan, tenor sax; Walter Williams, lead guitar; William Monroe, bass guitar; Fred Below, drums; Roosevelt Williams, vocals) performed in the capitals and provincial centers of the Ivory Coast, Mali, Chad, Guinea, Dahomey, Senegal, Sierra Leone, Togo, Liberia, Upper Volta, Cameroon, Niger, and the Central African Republic. They also played for Vice President Humphrey, whose African good-will tour coincided with the band's visit.

According to Thomas Huff, Director of Cultural Presentations for the State Department bureau, the Wells tour, which marked the first official U.S. sponsorship of a blues group, "apparently has been a considerable success."

Huff said that more jazz will be presented abroad under the State Department's program in 1968 than previously, "primarily due to requests from our embassies." He explained that an advisory committee makes recommendations to State, based on USIA and embassy sources, specifying what categories of performers seem most in demand. A panel of private citizens then nominates specific artists in each category.

Future presentations, Huff said, will include an eight-week African tour by the University of California Jazz Quintet, led by vibist Lee Schipper, which begins March 18. On April 1, guitarist Charlie Byrd will be off to Korea, Japan, the Phillipines, Ceylon, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Napal, and India—also on an eight-week schedule.

Charles Lloyd and his quartet are next in line, departing May 13 for a two-month trip including India, Malaysia, Hong Kong, Singapore, Okinawa, Thailand, and possibly also Vietnam.

CONOVERS' NEW ROLE: COMPOSER-PERFORMER

Willis Conover, whose world-wide jazz broadcasts for the Voice of America have been heard for 13 years, is probably the possessor of one of the world's most famous voices.

So far, Conover, who also presides over *Voices of VISTA*, a program heard weekly over 2,000 U.S. radio stations, has concentrated on announcing, emceeing, lecturing, and writing, though he was briefly involved with *The Orchestra*, a cooperative Washington, D.C. big band fronted by the late Joe Timer in the early 50s.

But in January, Conover emerged as a performing artist. He is featured on a Columbia single, *Far Off, Close By*, b/w *The Empty Streets*. On the former, Conover is spotlighted as a whistler, the tune being his own, while the latter features a Conover narration, with background music

Willis Conover
Whistling For VISTA

by Alec Wilder. Guitarist Charlie Byrd and a string section supply the accompaniment.

Commented Conover: "I've heard so much music that it acted as a sort of pump-priming, and brought my own music out of me." The disk wil be used as a special promotional tool for the VISTA series.

CINCINNATI BOW FOR BRUBECK'S ORATORIO

Dave Brubeck, who at year's end voluntarily concluded a 16-year success story as leader of one of the most popular combos in jazz, will officially embark on a new phase of his career Feb. 29, when his new oratorio, *The Light in the Wilderness*, will be premiered at Music Hall in Cincinnati, Ohio.

The 12-part work for chorus, symphony orchestra, organ, jazz combo, and baritone soloist will be performed by the Cincinnati Symphony, conducted by Erich Kunzel; the A Cappella Choir of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, directed by George Barron; a jazz combo of Mario Speziale, trumpet; Frank Proto, bass; David Frerichs, drums, and the composer at the piano; operatic baritone William Justus, and organist Gerre Hancock.

Brubeck has been at work intensively on the oratorio for more than two years. In his program notes, the composer states: "Although reared as a Presbyterian by a Christian Scientist mother who attended a Methodist Church, and although this piece was written with the theological counsel of a Vedanta leader, a Unitarian minister, an Episcopal bishop, and several Jesuit priests, I am not affiliated with any church.

"Three Jewish teachers have been a great influence in my life—Irving Goleman, Darius Milhaud, and Jesus. I wanted to understand what I had inherited in this world—both problems and answers—from that cultural heritage."

Appropriately, the premiere of *The Light in the Wilderness* is being sponsored by by the Cincinnati Ecumenical Council.

NEWPORT GOES INDIAN; JAZZ, FOLK DATES SET

The Newport Festivals, which already include jazz, folk and opera, are adding a new segment, according to producer George Wein. A festival of Indian music, featuring Ravi Shankar, Ali Akbar Khan, and others to be announced, will be held at the Newport, R.I. festival site Aug. 2 and 3.

The jazz festival—the daddy of them all—is slated this year for July 4 through 7. This will be the festival's 15th birthday, and a highlight will be the July 5 "Battle of the Big Bands", scheduled to feature Count Basie, Duke Ellington, Woody Herman, and a specially assembled Dizzy Gillespie reunion orchestra. Ray Charles will make his first Newport appearance since 1960, Wein said.

The folk festival will take place July 23 through 28, and the opera festival is scheduled for mid-August, pending negotiations with the Metropolitan Opera Co.

SECOND SWING ERA TOUR MAKES EUROPEAN SCENE

Last year, a concert package, *Jazz from a Swinging Era*, successfully toured England and the European continent, with an all-star lineup including Earl Hines, Roy Eldridge, Buck Clayton, Bud Freeman, Budd Johnson and other high-velocity jazz veterans.

The tour was so well received that it is being repeated, again under the production aegis of Britain's Jack Higgins. The 1968 *Jazz from a Swinging Era* will kick off March 8 and continue for 24 days, with concerts in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, the Scandinavian countries, Germany, Austria and Holland.

On hand will be trumpeters Clayton, Sweets Edison and Snooky Young; trombonists Booty Wood and Urbie Green; reedmen Eddie Barefield, Cleanhead Vinson, Julian Dash, and Buddy Tate; and a

rhythm section of Nat Pierce, piano; Aaron Bell, bass, and Gus Johnson, drums.

In addition, singer Helen Humes and pianist Jay McShann (with his own drummer, Paul Gunther) will be featured as special attractions. Vinson will sing, too. Interestingly, it seems impossible to "sell" a package of this type in the U.S.

ROLLINS TOURS JAPAN; PIANIST REFUSED ENTRY

Tenor giant Sonny Rollins, relatively inactive for the past few months, is currently on a five-week tour of Japan.

Rollins left Jan. 7, accompanied by pianist Hugh Lawson, bassist Larry Ridley, and drummer George Brown. A Japanese pianist, unspecified at presstime, had to be substituted for Lawson, who developed visa problems in Hawaii with the still hyper-selective Japanese immigration authorities.

The tour is booked by George Wein, who said that concerts in Bangkok, Thailand, might be added to Rollins' itinerary.

TERRY GIBBS AT HELM OF NEW TV SHOW'S MUSIC

Operation Entertainment is the title of a new ABC-TV show. The format resembles a combination of Bob Hope's Vietnam tours and the old USO troupes, replete with cutaways to servicemen's reactions, and surprise reunions with families.

The main innovation is the musical backing for the show, which telecasts from a different installation each week. The musical director is Terry Gibbs, who has thrown himself into the project with his usual hyperactive enthusiasm.

"It's a terrific idea," Gibbs commented, "and I'm given complete freedom of choice when it comes to material and sidemen. I've done most of the charts, and occasionally if I need something special, I get Bill Holman to do it. The main thing is, we really get a chance to play. And one thing it proves: when it comes to cutting shows behind all kinds of performers, and making last-minute changes, the best guys for that are jazzmen."

Among those jazzmen are: Al Porcino,

CHARLES MINGUS: UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Bystander

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

CHARLES MINGUS has been called, by Nesuhi Ertegun, the Segovia of his instrument. He is, for me, one of the few bass soloists in jazz history who has the emotional strength, the commanding presence (to borrow an acting term) to be a first-rate soloist. As an ensemble player, he has had a major effect on the role of his instrument in jazz.

It used to be said that Walter Page of the Count Basie Band of the 1930s first gave the instrument the "walking" accompaniment style that bass players have been using in various versions ever since.

It's easy to show that Page didn't "invent" the style, but he certainly developed it. And Page did take the rhythmic lead in the section unto himself. He did it through his own ability and because a general reshuffling of the rhythm function among piano, drums, guitar, and bass was taking place in the Basie rhythm section.

Then the Ellington bassist Jimmy Blanton came along and (again with exceptional swing) added a greater tonal and harmonic precision to bass work.

What Mingus did was to both maintain the rhythmic lead, and at the same time, occasionally take on an almost contrapuntal function for his instrument. At his most interesting, Mingus not only carries the beat and accompanies the horns; he also makes a bassline that is strong enough, interesting enough, even complex enough at times, to form a countermelody—but without interfering with whatever else is going on.

I know a pianist who worked with him years ago who said that the younger Mingus would sometimes do things that felt like "no help at all." I dare say that they were no help if what the pianist expected was that a bass player lay down some conventional changes.

But Charles Mingus is more than a bass player. He is a composer and an ensemble leader.

It is very difficult for anyone with the slightest acquaintance with Mingus' strong and mercurial personality to write about Mingus the musician—his successes and his failures as a musician are intricately related, it would seem, with both his surface personality and his inner character—but I shall try.

I probably should add that my own acquaintance with Mingus the man is just about slight and has generally been cordial.

It is the height of affrontery for any commentator to presume to tell a musician what he ought to be doing. Furthermore, no one can really know another man's talent or his destiny. Presuming to know what is best for someone else strikes me as one of the most immoral of all presumptions. I am going to tell you only what in my opinion Charles Mingus might be doing, and what I think the possibilities are. And I undertake to do so particularly because at the moment Mingus seems to be doing very little. That is a loss to the rest of us. For himself, of course, it may be just what he ought to be doing, needs to do, for now. No one knows but Mingus.

In the course of his career, this man has seemed to espouse nearly every style and every movement that sprang up within jazz—cool, concert, hard, funky. But a closer look shows that he did not always follow.

A piece like *Mingus Fingus* had some of the rhythmic manner of Charlie Parker, but it was apparently written before Mingus or you or I had even heard Parker. Years ago, he was doing (and recording) spontaneous, off-the-wall improvisations, much in the manner of the "new thing." I wish that fans of the pleasantries of Herb Alpert would listen to Mingus' *Tijuana Moods*. And so on.

Mingus is, in any case, a very good composer. But more important, his composing and his general ensemble approach show that he has absorbed so much of the jazz tradition, going back well into the 1930s, and reaching well into the 60s. The alliance of Ellington and Parker influences on some of his Columbia records, for instance, is very exciting. And when one realizes how much Mingus also knows about the post-Parker idioms—well, the possibilities are enormous.

And so that is what I think he might do—Mingus might develop an ensemble style that would be a synthesis of everything that has happened in jazz for, let's say, the last 30 years. He might put it *all* together in one music.

Any man who truly feels called upon to undertake such a music needs great talent, great love and respect for the past and the present, and he needs time.

As I've indicated, I think Mingus may well have the understanding and the talent. But beyond that, what the task needs is a stable, more or less permanent ensemble of musicians to work with a leader-composer-arranger, with mutual respect all around—the kind of ensemble (though not necessarily the size of ensemble) that Ellington has been able to maintain all these years.

And there's the rub, of course. Such an ensemble needs financial support of some kind. It needs audiences at least occasionally, even if audiences are not its chief source of financial support. It needs acceptance of failure as well as joy in musical success. And it needs leadership that will place musical cooperation and achievement above all else. And it probably needs somebody else to take care of all other kinds of business except musical business.

So, for a number of reasons, I have no idea whether such an ideal for Mingus could ever be reached. And, as I say, I can't know that it ought to be tried. But as I've indicated, I think the musical possibilities involved are enormous. DB

Don Rader, Dalton Smith, Dick Forrest, trumpets; Jim Trimble, Lew McCreary, Randy Aldcroft, trombones; Med Flory, Carrington Visor, Bill Perkins, Lou Ciotti, Jay Migliore, reeds; John Collins, guitar; Bob Corwin, piano; Buddy Clark, bass; Bob Neal, drums; Mel Zelnick, percussion; Gibbs, leader. Among temporary substitutions, Gary Barone replaced Rader; and Tom Scott and Sam Most sat in for Ciotti and Migliore.

In spite of the rigorous schedule (the group has traveled as far as Hawaii), Gibbs recently undertook a two-week gig at the Los Angeles Playboy Club with Bob Corwin's trio. "I must be crazy," Gibbs admitted, "but as busy as I am, I wanted this chance to swing."

PRESTIGE TO INTRODUCE LEGACY REISSUE SERIES

Prestige records, which has been doing more than its share in holding the jazz line against the onslaught of rock, has announced a new series of reissues of important historical recordings culled from its large catalog. Some of these will go as far back as original 78s by Gene Ammons, George Wallington, and Chubby Jackson, once issued on 10-inch LP but unavailable for a long time.

The Legacy Series, as it will be called, is slanted towards the serious jazz collector and will be packaged with full annotation and complete discographical information. There will also be an emphasis on inclusion of alternate takes when of sufficient interest.

Prestige president Bob Weinstock has also informed *Down Beat* that the company is interested in buying or leasing the catalogs of any now-defunct small labels of the 1940s, such as Manor, Regis, Haven, etc. Anyone who owns the rights to material issued on these labels, or knows of someone who does, should contact Don Schlitten at Prestige, 203 South Washington Ave., Bergenfield, N.J. 07621.

Reissuing material from the good, small jazz labels of the past may become a trend. Orrin Keepnews of Milestone is negotiating with Mercury records for the rights to the Keynote catalog.

FINAL BAR

Earl Swope, 45, one of the first and best of the trombonists to play in the modern style that emerged after World War II, died in Washington, D.C. Jan. 3 after a brief illness caused by a ruptured esophagus. The fact that he had a rare blood type led to complications that proved fatal.

Swope, a facile yet vigorous soloist, was much admired by his contemporaries and influenced many of the young trombonists who came up in the 40s and early 50s. Born in Hagerstown, Md. he played with Sonny Dunham, Boyd Raeburn, Georgie Auld and Don Lamond; Buddy Rich (1946-47); Woody Herman (1947-49); and Elliot Lawrence (1950-51). After free-lancing in Washington (where he was a member of the Joe Timer Band) and New York for several years, he joined Jimmy Dorsey in March of 1957, remaining after Lee Castle took over the band. He then returned to Washington, where he played a variety of jobs, including ice shows and musicals. In 1959 he worked with Louis Bellson's big band. At the time of his death, Swope was a member of the Bob Cross Band at the Blue Room of the Shoreham Hotel in Washington.

Swope can be heard with Herman, with whom he was prominently featured, on Columbia and Capitol LPs; on four tracks with Serge Chaloff on *Lestorian Mode* (Savoy); with Stan Getz on *Jazz Classics* (Prestige); on Bill Potts' *Jazz Soul of Porgy and Bess* (United Artists); with Sonny Berman (Esoteric); and on Willis Conover's *House of Sounds* (Brunswick). Solos on 78 rpm included *Dateless Brown* with Buddy Rich and *Vido's Bop* with Vido Musso.

Swope is survived by his wife, four stepdaughters, a sister and two brothers. Another brother, Rob, who also played trombone with name bands in the 40s and 50s, was killed a year ago in an automobile crash.

Trombonist Samuel Dennis Matthews, 46, died at his home in East Orange, N.J. Jan. 8. For 25 years, he played with such bands as Lucky Millinder, Horace Henderson, Billy Eckstine, and Gene Ammons. For the past few years he had been working as a chef.

POTPOURRI

Louis Armstrong taped a *Hollywood Palace* for ABC-TV, then left to resume touring with his All Stars. But by mid-April, Satchmo will be back in Hollywood to assume his role as the band leader in 20th Century Fox's *Hello Dolly*, starring **Barbra Streisand.** Production begins April 15, with a four-month shooting schedule.

•

Duke Ellington premiered his entirely new **Concert of Sacred Music** Jan. 19 at the Cathedral Church of St. John the Divine in New York City. The augmented Ellington orchestra was assisted by soloists including Sweden's **Alice Babs,** new Ellington discovery **Trish Turner, Jimmy McPhail,** and **Tony Watkins;** a corps de ballet, and the **A.M.E. Mother Zion Church Choir,** the **St. Hilda's and St. Hugh's School Choirs,** and the men of the **St. John's Cathedral Choir.** The event was videotaped for an upcoming CBS network special. **Fr. Norman J. O'Connor,** C.S.P., was narrator for a live broadcast over station WRVR-FM. Proceeds were turned over to Exodus House, a project for the rehabilitation of narcotics addicts.

•

Composer **William Russo's** newly founded **Chicago Fire** will present a lecture-concert at the University of Notre Dame March 4. The group, described by Russo as a "blues-rock-jazz-aleatory band," consists of two guitars, bass guitar, electric flute, electric cello, electric organ, and tape recorder. The concert will usher in the 10th edition of the university's **Collegiate Jazz Festival,** to be held March 7 to 9 (*DB*, Dec. 28). The winning combo will perform at the Newport Jazz Festival July 6, under a travel grant by the Jos. P. Schlitz Brewing Co. **Gerald Wilson** has been added to the roster of judges, replacing **Wayne Shorter.**

•

Erroll Garner opened a two-week stand at **Al Hirt's** Club Feb. 5, the pianist's first New Orleans night club booking. Garner will also play concerts in Louisiana and Florida during February, and begins a week's stay at Lennie's-On-The-Turnpike near Boston on the 26th of the month, to be followed by an engagement at the Embers in Indianapolis, starting March 4.

•

Two well-known Chicago jazzmen, drummer **Harold Jones** and trumpeter **Oscar Brashear,** recently joined the **Count Basie** Band.

•

Benny Carter wasted little time in responding to the sudden emergency that developed with **Duke Ellington's** band. When **Harry Carney** was taken ill, Carter flew to Reno (the band was at Harrah's at the time) to lead the saxophone section for two nights, with **Russell Procope** moving over to Carney's baritone chair. **Cootie Williams** underwent minor surgery at the same time and **Sam Woodyard** was also on the ailing list. **Sonny Payne**—with **Harry James'** band—filled in as often as he could.

•

Skiers who fancy jazz might want to know that Wilmington, Vt. (close to Mt. Snow) sports a jazz oasis, Judie's Jazz Room, operated by singer **Judie Peters.** The club opened last season with **Junior Cook's** group, and currently features pianist **Walter Chiles'** trio, with **Clarence (Scoby) Stroman** on drums. There's a dance floor, too, for those without casts.

•

Baritone saxophonist **Billy Root,** a former **Dizzy Gillespie, Harry James, Stan Kenton** and **Buddy Rich** sideman, took a chair with the famous Philadelphia Orchestra at a Jan. 20 performance of Gershwin's *An American in Paris* at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia.

•

Don Goldie, who has been active in Florida of late, has devised a new setting for his trumpet stylings—a 15-piece string section, plus rhythm. Billed as **For Lovers Only,** the novel ensemble plays for dancing at the Hilton Plaza's Bon Vivants Room in Miami Beach.

•

Drum teacher **Jim Blackleigh,** a Scot who once won a world-wide solo drumming contest for pipe bands, and has been conducting his School of Modern Drumming in Vancouver, Canada, for several years (**Terry Clarke** was one of his students), recently moved to New York City and has opened a drum school there.

STRICTLY AD LIB

New York: The Half Note rang in the New Year with tenor saxophonist **Al Cohn's** quartet, joined for the special occasion by singer **Jimmy Rushing.** The

club's new program, now in effect, includes dancing for those who care to and a no-admission, no-cover policy . . . **Gene Harris** of La Boheme has taken over the management of Pookie's Pub. Now, when you pay an admission at either place, you are entitled to a free admission at the other. In addition, there is a single admission charge for the Sunday afternoon sessions at Pookie's and the Half Note. For the same price you can wander between these two adjacent clubs. **Tony Scott,** who was appearing at La Boheme, shifted to Pookie's when **Elvin Jones** exited. **Pharaoh Sanders** took over for Scott at La Boheme. At presstime, Jones was slated to take a trio into Slug's. His regular tenor saxophonist, **Joe Farrell,** was scheduled to be with him, and there was a possibility that bassist **Jimmy Garrison** would round out the threesome. Meanwhile, Jones was Farrell's sideman at a Jan. 7 Jazz Interactions sessions at the Red Garter. The group included Garrison and pianist **Chick Corea.** A week earlier, pianist **Burton Greene** played the JI session with **Steve Tintweiss,** bass; and **Shelley Rusten,** drums. Reed man **Byard Lancaster,** the scheduled fourth man, was snowbound in Philadelphia . . . **Milt Jackson** returned from a European trip with a tape he produced and wishes to sell to an interested recording company. The record date featured **Sahib Shihab,** flute; **Francy Boland,** piano; **Jimmy Woode,** bass; and **Kenny Clarke,** drums. Jackson, in addition to playing vibes, did one vocal . . . Alto saxophonist **Charles McPherson** worked at the Dom with **George Coleman,** tenor saxophone; **Harold Mabern,** piano; and **Roy Brooks,** drums . . . The Village Vanguard adopted a weekends-only policy for the month of January. The **Thad Jones-Mel Lewis** Orchestra led off on the first weekend, and then did their regular Monday night stint as well. Second weekend was given over to **Thelonious Monk's** quartet and the **Jazz Communicators (Freddie Hubbard,** trumpet; **Joe Henderson,** tenor saxophone; **Louis Hayes,** drums). The Communicators played the first week of January at Slug's. The groups of **Jackie McLean** and **Yusef Lateef** preceded them at the far east club . . . **Ahmad Jamal's** trio was the group-in-residence at the Top of the Gate for January . . . **Jimmy Smith** and **Arthur Prysock** did the first two January weekends downstairs at the Village Gate . . . An unusual dual booking at the Rainbow Grill presented the groups of drummers **Chico Hamilton** and **Ray McKinley** . . . The Riverboat also had a double-header with **Bobby Hackett's** quintet, featuring reed man **Bob Wilber,** and **Si Zentner's** orchestra . . . **Nina Simone's** Jan. 6 Carnegie Hall concert was SRO . . . Trombonist **Bennie Green** did portions of two weeks (Wed.-Sat.) at the Jazz Room of the Lenox Lanes, a bowling alley on 146th St. off St. Nicholas Ave. . . . *Record Notes:* Atlantic introduced a new jazz label, Vortex, in February. First release includes LPs by Yusef Lateef, **Junior Mance,** and **Joe Zawinul** . . . Guitarist **Pat Martino** did a quartet date for Pres-

/Continued on page 40

His Heart Beats for Jazz: South African heart transplant surgeon Christiaan Barnard, a devoted fan of Wilbur De Paris' music, greets the trombonist at New York's Village Gate during a recent visit. Newscaster Walter Cronkite is on the right.

Saxophonist-arranger Budd Johnson receives the first annual Long Island Entertainer Jazz Accolade from **Down Beat** contributor and jazz columnist Al Fisher, "for signal services to his country and to the cause of the art of jazz."

SUZANNE SCHAFALOW

Clarinetist Tony Scott checks the score to his six-part suite, **The Life and Death of Charlie Parker,** with guitarist Pierre Cavalli (right) and bassist Niels Henning Orsted Pedersen. The new work was premiered at the 54th Jazz Workshop of the Norddeutscher Rundfunk in Hamburg. Other participants were pianist Mal Waldron, trumpeter Sonny Grey, reedmen Don Rendell and Dominque Chanson, and drummer Alex Riel. Scott has since returned to the U.S.

With Bob Hope In Vietnam

A Jazzman's diary by Don Rader

WE LEFT Los Angeles International Airport at 10:15 a.m. on the morning of Dec. 15, 1967.

Among those making the trip, besides Bob Hope, were Raquel Welch, Barbara McNair, Elaine Dunne, Phil Crosby, and Les Brown and his orchestra. The band's personnel included Bobby Clark, Laroon Holt, Mickey McMayhan, and myself, trumpets; Joe Howard, Jack Redmond, tenor trombones; Ernie Tack, bass trombone; Joe Lopes, Ralph Lapolla, Lou Ciotti, Abe Aaron, and Butch Stone, saxophones; John Morell, guitar; John Wooster, bass, and Lloyd Morales, drums.

Our first stop was Wake Island, where our plane re-fueled. The stars did a short stand-up show at the airport, using only the rhythm section.

It took us 10 hours to get to Wake, and from there it took us another 12 hours to get to Bangkok, Thailand, which was to be our home base for the two weeks of the tour. We arrived in Bangkok on Saturday night, the 16th. We lost a day crossing the International Date line.

Sunday, Dec. 17

We got up early, because we wanted to do some sightseeing in Bangkok. This would be one of our few chances, since we were scheduled for only one day off on the whole trip.

Jack Redmond and I walked downtown and took in as much as we could. We saw part of the famous Floating Market, and generally just wandered around.

We had a rehearsal at 3 p.m. at the Erawan Hotel, where Bob Hope and the rest of the cast were staying. We just did a run-through on the whole show. Everyone was pretty tired after the long plane ride, the time change, and the previous night's hanging out.

There were probably about 100 newspaper men at the rehearsal, in addition to several hundred other people who had managed to ace their way in.

This evening, the commanding general of the U.S. forces in Thailand held a reception for the whole cast. (Dinner and drinks.) Being that everyone was so beat, it was almost a drag. They had a Thai band playing: three saxes, trumpet, 'bone, and three rhythm. They didn't sound too bad. They played a lot of Duke Ellington tunes, and I don't think that I've ever heard a band play so softly before. As it turned out, these were the best Thai musicians that we were to hear on the whole trip.

The music on the radio here is the lowest. The bands all sound like Paul Whiteman, and the recording quality is 1920s vintage. (I'm speaking of "western" music here. The native Thai music was much better, and was much better recorded.) I found out that the best musicians in town were Filipinos. There were also a couple of Italian bands working at the hotels, and a German band or two. I didn't hear any jazz at all, but I understand that a lot of the cats from these different bands get together quite often for sessions.

Dec. 18

We left the hotel early and took an Air Force plane to Da Nang, South Vietnam. The flight took two hours, during the course of which we had to fly over Laos.

We arrived at the show site by bus. It was a stage facing a large hill, surrounded on three sides by jungle. The hill facing the stage was literally covered with Marines and soldiers waiting for the show to start. Some of them had been sitting there waiting for us over 24 hours. As I looked around, I saw that the jungle was also full of guys; in fact, there were guys sitting on top of telephone poles trying to get a good look. Later we heard that there had been 12,000 servicemen in attendance.

I've never played a gig anywhere that got such a roaring welcome and enthusiastic response as we got today. The GIs really loved the show—especially the chicks.

We closed with Barbara McNair singing *Silent Night*. After she sang the first chorus, Hope invited the GIs to join in. All 12,000 guys stood up and removed their caps and joined the singing. It was almost like a prayer. It was very emotional, and I, along with everyone else, got pretty choked up. It was a very moving scene, and I found it hard to play that last chorus.

There was no doubt in our minds that we were in a war zone. All of the GIs were carrying their rifles and wearing flak jackets. Everything was dusty and dirty. The whole scene had a sort of pall over it. We talked with a lot of guys after the show; many of them had come in from the field and from as far away as the DMZ to catch the show. We were about 60 miles south of the DMZ.

Another touching thing happened toward the end of the show. A group of Marines up on the hill unrolled a huge banner reading "Thanks Bob." I think that meant a lot to all of us.

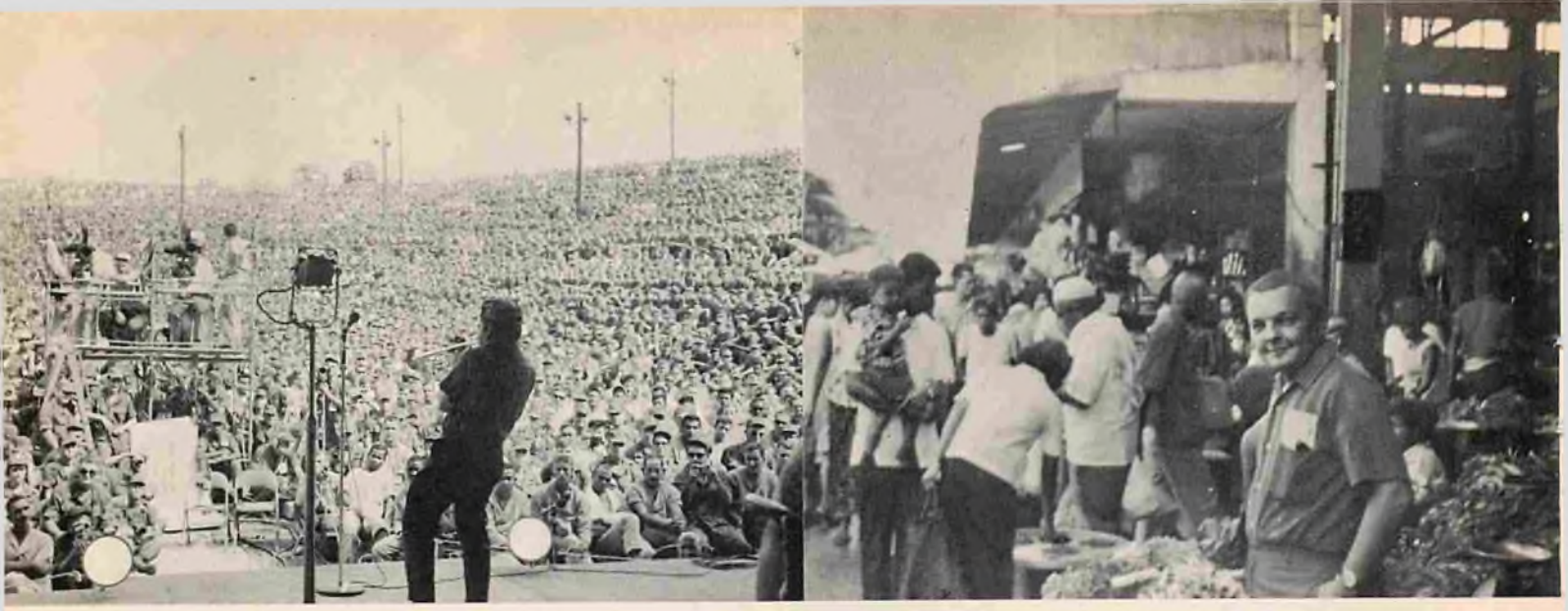
After the show, we flew back to Bangkok and went to our hotel. We found that representatives of the U.S. Armed Forces in Thailand had placed a gift—a wood carving of an elephant—in each of our rooms. This was only the first of many gifts the cats were to lay on us.

Tonight, Jack Redmond, Lou Ciotti, and I went to the Erawan Hotel for dinner. Our main reason for going was to hear some native Thai music, and to see their dancers. The group consisted of four male musicians and two girls. Their instruments included tuned drums, marimba (or something that resembled a marimba), and two tom-tom type drums. The girls played finger cymbals and used their voices as instruments. The music was very interesting—and very far out.

Dec. 19

We flew to "up country" Thailand for two shows. The first was at Ubon Thani, and the second at Nakhon Phanom. Both of these are air bases belonging to the Royal Thai Air Force, but we have a lot of men stationed there to give military assistance.

At the second show, the band got to stretch out a bit because they were having problems with the TV cameras. (In case you didn't know, every show is filmed, and parts were used for the Bob Hope special shown Jan. 18.) Since we didn't bring too many band



Rader serves up some Christmas jazz for 25,000 GIs at Long Thanh, Vietnam (left) and takes in the native market in Bangkok, Thailand.

charts with us, Les opened up the ones we had and let the cats blow. The jazz soloists on the band are Joe Lopes on alto, Lou Ciotti on tenor, Jack Redmond on trombone, John Morell on guitar, and myself.

The GIs really dug hearing some jazz, and a lot of them came up to us after the gig and said that jazz was one of the things they really missed. I guess the bands they usually get in their service clubs don't really make it. This base is one of the most isolated in Thailand. It is right on the border of Laos.

We saw our first Green Berets here. They are the security forces for the base.

Impressions I

After a few days on this scene, I will give my impressions of the trip so far.

Bangkok . . . This is a very exotic city. The smell is different than in any other city I've ever been to. I can best describe the smell as being like incense, and this smell is all over town. I think it might have to do with their cooking, because many people prepare their meals in the open.

The traffic is as bad as any I've seen, or worse. It doesn't matter what time of the day it is, it's always rush hour.

There are always thousands of people milling around the streets, even late in the evening. The stores seem to stay open late every night. We'd come back from the airport to our hotel late in the evening, and the town would still be swinging.

The market places and the Floating Market are the most exciting and colorful places that I've ever seen. The one that Jack Redmond and I walked along ran beside a Klong (canal). It was like a long narrow alley with booths on each side and thousands of people milling through in every direction. To compound matters, some vendors set up shop right in the middle of the alley, thereby really hanging up the pedestrian traffic. There are also smaller alleys branching off the main alley, and they are all part of this huge market.

Among the things being sold I saw live fish, live chickens, rice, vegetables, clothes, jewelry, wrist watches, cooked meals, drinks, and just about anything else you could think of. The smell of the market is beyond belief. (Whew! !)

The Thai people are a gas. They are extremely polite and very friendly.

The GIs have bent over backwards for us. They honestly appreciate our being here with them at Christmas. They have laid little gifts on us every time we turned around. They always bring out their best food for us. (Backstage at every show, they had a buffet dinner and a bar set up for us. This was the case even in the most primitive places that we played.)

Dec. 20

We flew to Chu Lai, South Vietnam, for an early show. This is the place where John Wayne got shot at when he was here earlier in the year.

When we landed, our plane was surrounded by heavily armed Marines, because the area isn't that secure.

The whole area is covered by barbed wire (in rolls), pill boxes, gun emplacements, etc. There's no doubt about a war going on around here.

We had over 8,000 GIs for this show. The weather was hot and dusty. We were about 60 miles south of Da Nang, and right on the coast of the South China Sea. They have beautiful beaches there.

At one point in the show, during a comedy sketch, the band was usually allowed to get off the stand for a few minutes. When we did today, a chopper flew in and landed next to a field hospital behind the stage and across the road. We saw the crew jump out and rush a stretcher into the hospital. The guy on the stretcher was covered with blood and looked like he was dead. It was a kind of shocker.

There were always several wounded men in the audiences. After the show, Hope would usually go to the hospitals and visit the cats that were too badly off to make it to the show.

After this show we flew, in three groups, out to the aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Ranger*. The landing was really a ball. It was the first time that any of us had made that scene. In past years, they had flown the show out in choppers, but since the ship was 200 miles out in the South China Sea, they had to use conventional aircraft. I think the biggest thrill of the trip was taking off and landing on the carrier.

That night, most of the guys in the band went up to a control room and watched the launching of planes for a strike on North Vietnam; only 10 minutes flying time from the carrier. At the time, the *Ranger* hadn't lost any aircraft in a strike. (A couple of days after we left the ship, we heard that two planes had been shot down over Haiphong.)

Dec. 21

We did a show on the flight deck this morning. It was windy but not too cold. This ship had been at sea over two months, and the cats were really starved for entertainment.

We met and talked to a lot of pilots who had gone on strikes against North Vietnam. They had a lot of exciting stories to tell. We met one guy who had to ditch his plane at sea the week before. He said he was in the water only 30 seconds before he was picked up by

a chopper. Another guy said he had to out-maneuver two SAMS (missiles) in order to get back in time for the show.

Dec. 22

This was our day off. We went sightseeing and shopping. (In Bangkok.)

This evening there was a session, but I was so tired that I decided to cool it. The guys that made it said that it was pretty good. There was a Filipino bass player whom everyone praised.

Dec. 23

We did one show at Ubon, Thailand.

This evening, we did a command performance for the King and Queen of Thailand. There was a buffet dinner of "native" Thai food, and then we all got to meet and shake hands with the royal couple.

At the end of the show, the king sat in with the band on soprano saxophone. He doesn't play too badly, but he tends to take too many choruses. He has his own band at the palace, and they rehearse once a week. I met one of the trumpet players, who told me that they have four saxes, three trumpets, one trombone, and a rhythm section. They didn't play while we were there, so we never got a chance to hear them.

I was told that Stan Getz had been a guest at the palace a few weeks before.

I asked one of the king's musicians if Buddy Rich had played at the palace, since Buddy's band had been in Bangkok just two weeks before us. They hadn't, because Buddy's drums got hung up in customs. Not only that, but customs wouldn't even release the band's book, so they had to play their gig in Bangkok from memory, with Buddy playing on borrowed drums. This story was later confirmed by Jon Murakami, Buddy's lead trumpet player.

Dec. 24

We flew to Lai Khe, which is a base on a rubber plantation. This is where the First Infantry Division is based.

The First Infantry Division Band played before and after our show. This is the second service band we've heard on this trip. The first was a Marine band at Da Nang.

We met two guys we knew in the band: Don Switzor, trombone, formerly with Gerald Wilson, and Bob Lanese, trumpet. They are both from L.A. Needless to say, they were both pretty dragged.

Dec. 25

We did a show for 25,000 men at Long Thanh. In the audience were General Westmoreland and his wife, Vice President and Madame Ky, and the Ambassador to Nepal, as well as our Ambassador to South Vietnam.

This was a real Merry Christmas for Joe Howard, our lead trombone player. His son, Dave, is stationed here, and he joined us today and will be able to spend about four days with us.

Dec. 26

We did the first show at Bat Gat, and then got on choppers for the trip to Pleiku. We landed at Dragon Mountain base camp. All during the trip we could see smoke from artillery fire. We also saw patches of jungle that had been "defoliated."

Pleiku is in the central highlands, and a very desolate-looking place. The dirt and dust are a rust color. This is Montagnard tribe country.

An army dance band was playing when we arrived at the show site. It was part of the 4th Infantry Band. This was the first time we heard any kind of jazz in Vietnam. The piano player in the band sounded pretty good, but he got away before I could get his name. The band sounded very good; excellent if you consider the adverse conditions under which they were working.

The audience here was about 15,000, and covered a big hill in front of the stand. At one point before the show started, they began throwing beer cans at each other. I thought that a riot was about to break out. I still don't know what happened. They're pretty far out here.

I saw several soldiers with pet monkeys on their shoulders. I guess they catch them around here.

When we returned to our chopper, the crew had a whole big bottle of martinis for us. It sure hit the spot for the flight back to our regular plane, which in turn, flew us back to Bangkok.

Dec. 28

We checked out of our hotel and left Bangkok for good. We flew to Cu Chi, right near Saigon. After the show, as we were taking off, our plane was shot at by small-arms fire. The snipers were waiting right at the end of the runway. We took off almost straight up.

The night before we played here, the base was hit by mortar fire and five GIs had been killed. I guess that this was probably the "hottest" place we played on the whole trip.

We did a couple of more shows before the trip was over, one at Cam Rahn Bay, and one on Guam, We also made a quick stop at Clark field in the Philippines, while Hope did a show in the hospital.

Impressions II

About all that we got to see of South Vietnam was military bases. With one or two exceptions, they are pretty depressing places. The Air Force bases are the exceptions.

The guys stationed in Thailand are really swinging, compared to their counterparts in Vietnam. The differences lie mainly in their living conditions, not to mention their safety.

These differences also showed themselves in the way the guys received the show. The guys in Thailand dug the show, but not nearly as much as the men in Vietnam. In Vietnam, the reception was unbelievable.

I'm certainly glad I made the trip, and I hope to make it again next year. Most of the guys in the band feel the same way. Butch Stone has been going every Christmas for the past 15 years, as have Abe Aaron and Ralph Lapolla. Lou Ciotti and Lloyd Morales have made it for the past 4 years. For the rest of us, it was our first trip, but it was one that we will never forget. Jack Redmond sort of summed it up one night when he said that he felt like he was "doing something." We also agreed that the whole scene made our usual hustling up of gigs, etc. seem pretty petty and unimportant. The fact that impressed us most was that we were sincerely appreciated, and that the GIs wanted to hear more, and are hungry for more. For a lot of those cats it will be the last music they'll ever hear. . . . db

Don Rader, trumpeter and arranger-composer, left college in 1959 to join Woody Herman's band. He stayed for a year and a half, then played with Maynard Ferguson and Count Basie. He also arranged for these three bands. Currently, he is freelancing on the West Coast, where he has worked with Harry James, Louis Bellson, Terry Gibbs, and many others. His solo work can be heard on LPs with Herman, Basie, and Ferguson.

THAD'S THING

BY IRA GITLER

"I'M A TERRIBLE guy to talk to about me," says Thad Jones, whose modesty is not false, but whose talent is of the size that makes others less reluctant to voice positive opinions about him. Two such men are his teammates in the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra: tenor saxophonist Joe Farrell and drummer-co-leader Lewis.

Farrell, like Jones both a player and writer (the orchestra is loaded with them), appreciates Thad from the arranger's viewpoint, but perhaps more importantly as one who is actively playing his music. "First of all," Farrell exuberantly points out, "the way he voices for saxophones is very hip. He gets a brilliance out of the section that most arrangers don't. They get muddy sounds; he has a clarity. Most of them will voice a chord in a standard manner, as opposed to building with the root, then the fifth, then the third, and then the upper extensions of the chord, Thad may start his chord with the upper extensions in the lower voice. For instance here's a C 7th chord that he uses. From the bottom up it reads: B♭, D♭, F♯, A, and C on top. It sounds gigantic, but it's really a close position. That's Thad's. So typical.

"His charts are not easy to play. It took all of the saxes six months to really get it together. We still scuffle occasionally on *Little Pixie*. His writing keeps you interested."

Lewis echoes this sentiment, pointing out that Jones writes "the unexpected, interesting underparts, interesting jumps for the guys who are not playing lead. His placing of the notes as opposed to the rests is never obvious. You can't anticipate his charts. He stays away from the eighth rest-dotted quarter routine. His whole rhythmic conception —the way everything falls—his use of space—it's so beautiful to play from a drummer's standpoint."

It is natural for a drummer to appreciate the rhythmic nuances in an arrangement, but Lewis also is aware of the total effect. "There is so much impact in his ensembles; the voicings leave you breathless.

"And then there are the things he does after he writes an arrangement," the drummer continues, "the changes he makes as he is rehearsing and directing it. I can say this for sure: Of the few arrangers and instrumentalists who have achieved a sound of their own, he is one."

To Farrell, Jones is "one of the true jazz writers. He is a real jazz arranger writing for the band with a small group concept. It is written jazz—arranged jazz in the actual sense of the word."

Perhaps a key to why Jones' writing is such pure jazz, so free of the "effects" that often clutter and impede many so-called jazz arrangements, is his indoctrination. He is an autodidact. "It was a trial and error method with me," Jones explained. "As a matter of fact, the first arrangement I wrote, I wrote every horn in a different key. That was real freedom" he said, punctuating the thought with his infectious laugh.

The Jones who wrote that arrangement was "13 or 14 years old." He was a trumpet-playing member of the Arcadia Club Band, led by a trumpet-playing uncle in his native Pontiac, Michigan. It was around 1936 and his older brother, pianist Hank Jones, was also in the band. "Everybody had some relative in the band," he recalls.

As a youth, first becoming aware of jazz, Jones listened intently to the supportive parts. "I was more interested in backgrounds actually, at one time, than I was in solo work," he points out. "It naturally led to my interest in harmony and progressions, in how they were able to get this type of sound behind that type of solo, and why.

"Nine times out of 10, when you turned on the radio you would hear the music of a big band. Either good or bad, but it would be a big band."

What fascinated Jones about big band writing (and still does) is the utilization of what the soloist plays in setting a background. "It looks simple—it sounds simple when you see it, but when you hear the results of some of the things that were done at the time—nice little intricate backgrounds —in the early Ellington bands, especially, some of the backgrounds were just fantastic behind the soloists. It sounded like individual soloists themselves, each instrument playing the background."

It is hard to imagine that the vigorous, youthful Jones heard Duke Ellington broadcasts from the Cotton Club as long ago as the late 20s, but this was his introduction to music. He also lists Jimmie Lunceford, Benny Goodman, the old Sam Donahue Band, Erskine Hawkins, and Andy Kirk as organizations that made an impression on him. He also heard bands like Paul Whiteman, Glen Gray, and Isham Jones. "I used to listen to an old band by the name of Henry Thies," he remembers. "There used to be a trombone solo right at the beginning of their broadcasts that intrigued me no end. Recently I was knocked out when I found out that this solo was played by the bass trombone player in our band—Cliff Heather."

Jones didn't confine his listening to the big names. As time went on, he became aware of the talent in the local woods. "In the area I came up in—the area that stretches between Detroit and Saginaw, taking in 75 to 100 miles—there were any number of bands that couldn't be called *big* bands but were by no means small bands, bands that carried eight to 12 pieces. There was the Jimmy Raschell Band, and the Chick Carter Band that Snooky Young used to play in. Jimmy Raschell used to have guys like Howard McGhee, Wardell Gray, and altoist Burnie Peacock. Milt Buckner was the arranger and piano player. Whew! *This* band. For the number of men that they had and the sound they got, it was like listening to a big band right now using twice the number of pieces. Chick Carter was in the same bag."

When the laughter had died down after the rehearsal of Jones' first arrangement by the Arcadia Club Band, he almost changed his mind about becoming a writer, but the bassist buoyed his spirits with a little encouragement. Then Jimmy Parker, a Pontiac musician who "played all the horns and wrote beautifully" gave him some counseling. "He would never take the pen and show me," says Jones, "but in conversation he would help me out."

Jones' first complete arrangement was an almost note-for-note copy of *Losers Weepers*, done originally for Tommy Dorsey by Sy Oliver, a man whom he had admired for his work with Lunceford. He figured that by copying it correctly he could learn something. Other arrangers who made an early impression on him were Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, Sam Donahue, and Lunceford pianist Eddie Wilcox.

When Jones went out on the road with Larry Steele's *Smart Affairs* revue, he had already been in the Army (1943-46); had his own band in Oklahoma City; and spent two years playing with Billy Mitchell's band in Detroit. When I asked him if he wrote anything for Steele, he replied: "No, Jaki Byard was with us, and he wrote a fantastic show for the 10-piece band. He's about the most underrated arranger around."

In the Count Basie Band from 1954 to January, 1963, he wrote "a couple of things" but it wasn't until he left Basie that his writing talent began to demand more attention. He arranged for Harry James, and for singers and small groups. When he and Lewis formed their current orchestra in December, 1965, however, Jones really received his first opportunity to present his work on a large scale. "Some of the things I'd written before *(The Second Race; Backbone; Little Pixie)* but I'd never really heard them played," Jones says.

An interview with Thad Jones

"We wanted to play with guys we enjoyed associating with," he explains as he talks about the reasons for the band's formation. "We wanted guys who could really pop on their horns individually—to see how they would fit together as section men.

"This band could play anybody's arrangement on *Yankee Doodle* and make it sound like a masterpiece. It isn't my music that's complimentary to the band; it's the band that flatters my music."

Since the band's inception, Jones has written *Don't Git Sassy; Mean What You Say; Once Around; Three in One,* and *Don't Ever Leave Me.* He also wrote the charts for an album on which the orchestra backs Joe Williams. This is on the Solid State label, as are the two albums by the band alone, which contain most of the numbers mentioned above. The saxophone writing at the end of *Once Around* sounds like an improvised solo, illustrating Joe Farrell's point about "true jazz writing" perfectly. It is only one example of many.

"I have always been interested in the overall sound rather than any one particular sound," Jones states in describing his approach. "What I strive for is a uniformity in sound—an overall personal thing. I think of the musicians personally. You have to gear your writing to two different people, and still try to retain your overall technical sound. I try to write for each individual—what I figure they might like for a little background, how they might like it worded here and there. I'm trying to enrich the voices a little and utilize the personal sound of each guy maybe a little bit more. Writing for one band has helped this."

Recently, Jones has been doing a little "brushing up" with clarinetist-arranger Bill Stegmeyer, who writes many of the big network TV shows. "I'm getting into some of the complexities—trying to extend myself a lot more," is the way the understating Jones puts it.

When I asked him why he didn't play more fluegelhorn in front of the band, Jones replied: "I don't think anybody can really devote maximum effort to playing and maximum effort to writing and do both of them full time. You're never going to make it. I don't think about playing in front of the band that much. I look up and see all those soloists there. I feel I have an obligation to let the guys in the band be heard."

On the broad subject of arrangers, Jones says he admires those who, like himself (although he would never say it), write in such a way that no matter who plays the music, you can recognize the creator. "Duke. Gil Evans, because like Duke, he is a complete individual. Diz—he's influenced a lot of people. Oliver (Nelson); the very seldom heard from Jimmy Jones, whose writing is just so pretty. Going into another area, Marion Evans, for strings.

"Wayne Shorter is a coming star in the writing business," he continues. "We are rehearsing a piece of his called *Dolores.* He doesn't write easy, rhythmically or harmonically. You have to work it out with the band and with the section you play in, in order to really comprehend what he's doing. Once it hits you, it really knocks you out.

"Manny Albam does some good things. He did some dance charts that we played on a gig at the U.N. about a year and a half ago. It worked out very well.

"And don't let me ignore the guys in the band. Bobby (Brookmeyer). Everyone knows him—or should. He and Garnett (Brown) —Tommy McIntosh. Joe Farrell writes exceptionally well. Roland Hanna's beginning to come on. They're all individuals. All the guys in the band are individuals, but they can push 'I' down and bring 'us' up. And Eddie Daniels can write. We tried one of his arrangements, but in all fairness to him, we didn't do justice to it. Eddie's potential is unlimited."

If Jones sounds enthusiastic, he is. Considering what he and Lewis and the band have accomplished, he deserves to be. In this day of negativism, he is a man who would rather accentuate the positive. One thing that concerns him is lack of rehearsal time for the orchestra. "We have a backlog of new arrangements right now that we have not had a chance to rehearse," he complains. "If we don't have the guys rehearsing it who are going to play it, it doesn't do us any good," he explains.

Another irritant to Jones is the lack of travel /Continued on page 39

PHOTOS/VERYL OAKLAND

Eighteen years ago, Gunther Schuller was possibly the least known among a coterie of jazzmen who made some memorable sides for Capitol records. He played on three of these, *Moon Dreams, Deception,* and *Rocker*—as part of an ensemble whose sound was unique. There were expectedly excellent solos from Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan, J. J. Johnson, et al., but the recordings were primarily an arrangers' coup: they tapestried skillful backgrounds for Miles Davis' trumpet and concocted an intriguing blend of ensemble sound that fell on the ears of a then largely unappreciative jazz public. Schuller contributed little but capable and congruent ensemble French horn to the group. Nevertheless, quiet history was made by the Miles Davis Nonet, with Schuller a minor factor.

He has since become central in a good deal of contemporary clamor, current controversy being focused on his opera, *The Visitation,* whose West Coast premiere he conducted at the San Francisco Opera House last October.

The reception given *The Visitation's* world premiere in Hamburg, Germany, about a year ago was rapturous, and with that Schuller was a new comet on the operatic scene. Progress slowed somewhat at the subsequent New York opening; many critics thought the radically new opera a wan shadow in the light of longer established suns, but public interest was nevertheless brisk. San Franciscans have been cordial toward it; it looks as if it may become a fixed star.

There has been rabid discussion and cold dissection of practically every facet of the opera: theme, libretto, staging, production, the sometimes atonal score—and the inclusion of jazz.

The term jazz opera has been bandied about with incorrect frequency in connection with *The Visitation,* Schuller says.

"This is not a jazz opera," he declared. "When opera singers can sing jazz, when jazz singers are able to sing opera—then I will write a jazz opera. At differing periods in *The Visitation* the jazz element is primary; sometimes subordinate—a tinge, a subtlety, an undercurrent, a faint presence, rather than an actuality—at times nonexistent. A jazz opera, no! If you must label it, call it Third Stream."

That term, and much of the music that has flowed from it, are identified with Schuller. He has a seer's conviction that the tributaries of jazz and contemporary classical music, mingling in this stream, can have a freshening and decisive effect on music.

The stream has been flowing for some time now. Classicists have been blithe in recognizing the cornucopia in jazz and borrowing from it. Schuller commented, "Stravinsky's use of 4/4 time in *The Soldier's Tale,* the foxtrot in Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortileges,* these were evidence of an early interest. Darius Milhaud's wonderful harmonies in *La Creation du Monde*—one of my ambitions is to do this score using jazz musicians—down through Hindemith, Lambert, and Copland. The knew a good thing when they saw it."

There was Stravinsky's new interest in jazz in the 1940s, evidenced in his attraction to the Woody Herman Herd's sound, and his *Ebony Concerto* which he wrote for it. *Concerto* has been disparaged as a classic example of a jazz-classical flop, leading to the conclusion that if a composer of Stravinsky's stature and a band of the Herman caliber couldn't make it, why try?

"What did they expect?" Schuller sighed in basso profundo. "It didn't go like *Caldonia,* but it was good music."

For those who regard jazz as sacred and the last remark as evidence of desecration, Schuller had another comment: "Jazz for me has always been an art form and, like any art form, capable of a thousand interpretations and subtleties and joys, capable of every expression."

SCHULLER'S INTEREST in jazz began with Ellington and developed through listening to Basie, Herman, Earl Hines (for too long, he added, a case of underrated, unappreciated talent); early Kenton, via Pete Rugolo; Gil Evans' shadings for Claude Thornhill. It reached a passion point with his beau ideals, Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker. "Ah, *Emanon* and *Things to Come,*" he said. "How they lived! And such fire from an alto!"

Influences on the classical side are even more of a mixed bag. He had an early reverence for such diverse composers as Stravinsky, Alexander Scriabin, and Maurice Ravel, and a later and major involvement with the Schoenbergian school of 12-tone music.

Atonality still holds terrors for some; for all that they are standard literature to the complete musician, Schoenberg, Alban Berg, and Anton Webern still smack of an "unholy trinity." Yet it is in the field of 12-tone music that Schuller has chosen to work with jazz.

As early as 1948, he wrote an atonal jazz study, but the problem of the convergence of forms was raised seriously in the mid-50s when, with the Modern Jazz Quartet's John Lewis, he founded the Jazz and Classical Society of New York. This, and the later Orchestra U.S.A. and 20th Century Innovations were different vehicles for the contemporary jazz composer, freeing him to a great extent from the problems of economics and permitting his work to get an honest hearing.

His allegiance to serialist music explains Schuller's attraction to Ornette Coleman and the late Eric Dolphy.

"I've liked working with the MJQ. John and Milt are fine, and I'm not knocking when I say they're 'tonal' musicians. Coleman and Dolphy had an 'atonal' ear. They were inside my stuff from the start."

Third Stream aims far beyond casual listening.

"There must be total understanding between the composer and the improviser, the latter fully aware of the context he solos in," Schuller said. "This is less of an accepted truism than you would think in performance, but it is especially applicable to Third Stream. And, equally, it demands concentration from the listener—pointed truisms again."

Many who thought him a Dr. Frankenstein whose experiments would carry the aura of doom have been agreeably surprised, though he is not interested in the verdict of "the inquisition of those who put on the cap of 4/4 every time they judge my work."

If the experiments did not always jell, they were consistently interesting, often with enough of jazz to please the sternest of inquisitors. In the short piece *Transformation,* atonal fragments resolve into beautifully swinging Bill Evans piano. The pithy interjections of Coleman on *Abstraction* and *Criss-Cross,* and the wild trillings of Dolphy's flute on variants three and four of *Django* are colloquial, in tone and character, with the thought and development of Schuller. His writing for string quartet on *Criss-Cross, Django,* and *Conversation* achieves a rare balance with jazz, though often the charm is in the contrast. The strings are wisps of atonality, unaffected by the lively jazz approach. Sometimes

THIRD STREAM VISITATION

both elements are combined in the refined language and colorations of Webern—pizzicatos, a scurry of strings, a smear of cymbals that sharply define the surge and entry of jazz.

THIS WAS ESPECIALLY effective on *Conversation,* when, after a Webern pastiche, there is a long drum roll, giving way to solos by Milt Jackson and Lewis, the "breathing space" of their playing heightened by the tenseness of the strings. In this, one can sense the symmetry Schuller reaches for.

It was a symmetry that was lacking in the jazz operas of Kurt Weill and Ernst Krenek. In them, the composers' conception of jazz (in Weill's case a laudable one) was interpreted by classical musicians. Improvisation, the kernel of jazz, was naturally absent. In *The Visitation,* the lucid move of using jazz musicians to play jazz brought profound improvement.

The jazz combo for the Hamburg production was composed of some of Europe's finest, including an expatriate American, John Eaton, on piano. The rest of the band was Albert Mangelsdorff, trombone; Rolf Kuhn, clarinet; Rolf Hubner, drums; Peter Trunk, bass (all Germans); Dusko Goykovic, a Yugoslav, on trumpet (he has played with Woody Herman and Maynard Ferguson), and altoist Bent Jaedig from Denmark.

Three weeks of familiarity with the score had bred confidence; at the end of six, the playing had been incandescent.

"When you listen to their likes," Schuller said, "you realize how international a language jazz is—and their fluency was staggering. To these guys, jazz is a pilgrimage."

Similarly, Schuller's life is immersed in music; he probably relates a train whistle or a cat's meow to the bar line. As an essayist, speaker, player, teacher, and composer, his talent has been geared to the theme and production of music. Teaching and composing demand most of his time now; the French horn sleeps a long sleep, though he mentioned one instance when he resurrected it to play in a student's composition at Tanglewood. "Surprisingly, everything fell in: tone, fingering, lip [a borrowed mouthpiece at that]. It was a gas."

Jazz jargon flows naturally from Schuller, who at 19 wrote and performed his *Horn Concerto* with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra. The arc of his output as a composer is wide, encompassing symphonic studies, chamber music, bagatelles, fanfares, and numerous solo pieces. He can draw with skill on the modes of the Renaissance, Middle and Far Eastern music, and the folk music of Eastern Europe, and has a flair for unusual combinations and harmonies.

Busy before, even busier since *The Visitation,* he has enough work on hand to carry him close to the 21st century. Commissions for new operas, a television opera for the British Broadcasting Co. (to be done, he hopes, with baritone saxophonist Ronnie Ross leading the jazz group), and plans for future Innovations concerts. He has taken over the post Aaron Copland occupied as president of the New England Conservatory of Music; for two months of each year he heads the composition department of the Berkshire Music Festival at Tanglewood. His book, *Early Jazz: Its Roots and Universal Development,* will be published by Oxford University Press in April.

Tall, with a shock of hair that is turning gray and a musician's paleness, Schuller is an affable man. He is certainly a perfectionist. At a predress rehearsal of *The Visitation,* with only piano accompaniment, the road was lined with imperfections. He led a singer repeatedly over a passage, with a pause for an astonished "you're an octave high there" or a mock mourning for "a singer who can sing in two-three time." There were tremors of impatience, but the layer of good humor held. There was the same lack of histrionics during his conducting at dress rehearsal; a raised finger of reprimand over a mussed passage and patient repeats until he was satisfied.

Philip Karp, the San Francisco Opera Company's principal basso, has said of Schuller's conducting: "He has an extrasensory grasp of dynamics, shadings, and phrasings, alert to any variation in a complexity of harmonies. The score is very powerful, gripping, belly-tightening. The translation into musical terms of oppressive fear and tension is well done."

John Handy, altoist with the seven-man combo at the San Francisco performance, concurred: "Schuller has the knack of incorporating atonalism and jazz into a consistent whole."

Was Handy happy with the literal and musical change of atmosphere?

"Yes, the score is challenging and engrossing," he said. "Gunther is a good one to keep moving and trying with. He's talented and intelligent, and he knows what he is about." Handy had his three regulars of that time with him: Mike Nock, piano; Albert Stinson, bass; and Doug Sides, drums, supplemented by three other Franciscans: Forrest Bechtel Jr., trumpet; Fred Mergy, trombone; and Peter Devidio, soprano, bass, and E-flat clarinets.

The jazz in *The Visitation* is mostly used in a subordinate sense; a delicate nuance in the atonal murmur of the orchestra, slow bass and cymbals the only jazz accent in particular passages, muted trumpet or trombone having an occasional say, a drum break quickly absorbed, some brief wailings from Handy's alto in the first act.

The combo was heard to best effect in the trial, seduction, and church scenes. The most sustained blowing came in the second act, when the trumpet and trombone really tingled. Schuller was particularly pleased with their showing on the third and last performance, noting, "maybe because it was their last chance to open up—and they did. Bechtel hit a dirty blues vein that made me want to shout."

Not only in its jazz elements is *The Visitation* a melange of musical effects. The opening curtain goes up to Bessie Smith singing *Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out,* a Baptist congregation whose "Amens" and "Hallelujahs" swing into a sermon in E Major, and an atonal slave chant (all taped). These dissolve into an orchestral outburst. In the night-club scene there is a jukebox eruption of rock; a taped version of the Hamburg combo led by the impressive sound of the Mangelsdorff trombone, and, at the close, a New Orleans funeral march.

The course of Third Stream may not be resolved as yet. But with the advent of *The Visitation,* the waters are flowing faster.

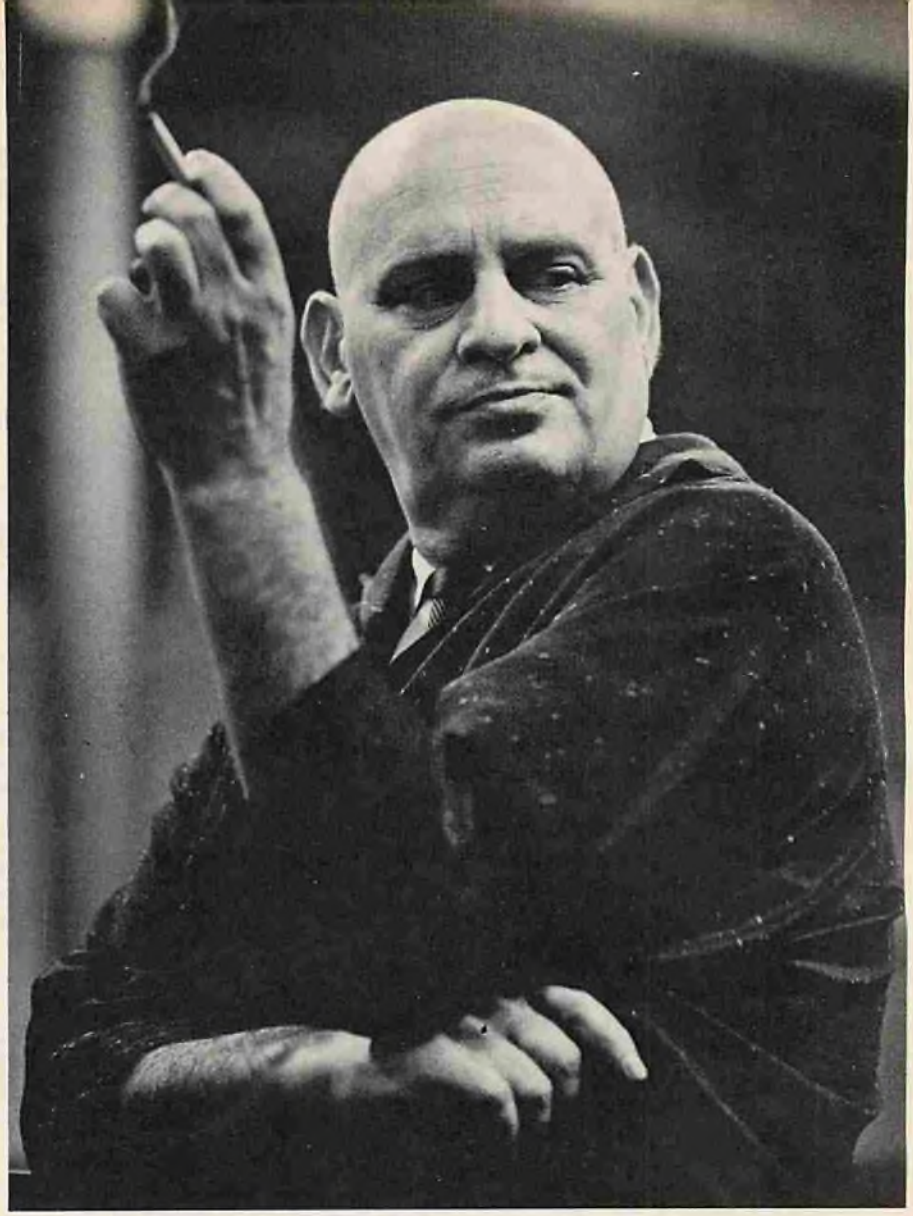
A Talk with Gunther Schuller

by Sammy Mitchell

JOHNNY RICHARDS:

MAN WITH A PASSION

by J.C. Thomas



COMPOSER-ARRANGER Johnny Richards is a man who suffers from an incurable disease, a disease so debilitating that it has drained his finances in his unsuccessful attempts to curb its ravages, so incurable that the many years he has devoted to attempts at alleviation (many cures were tried, but none worked) have left him feeling that the virus must be allowed simply to burn itself out of his system.

So he waits and continues to work at his calling.

The disease is called leaderitis.

Richards has listened to almost any form of music that can be named (he entered a conservatory at the age of 7), has traveled widely (and has lived for long periods in Mexico, Cuba, and various South American countries), and has insisted upon using the full tonal spectrum for everything he writes.

His strongest influences come from the warm-weather countries—Mexico, Cuba, many of the lands in Africa and South America—and feature their distinctive rhythms, wedded to a jazz base. His recent album, *Aqui Se Habla Espanol* (*Spanish Spoken Here*), draws on these sources (he also speaks Spanish fluently). They are original compositions based on South American rhythmic structures, such as the abierta (a 2/4 tempo) and the llanero (in 3/4 time). Played by his own orchestra, these songs—with such evocative titles as *Viva Gordo (Long Live Fats)* and *Mazanita (Little Apple)*—express his interest in the variety, liveliness, and humor of Latin America.

As he says: "There are so many wonderful sounds and multiple rhythms elsewhere in the world that we can use. So many meters and tone colors have been around for hundreds of years; it's about time we got around to them."

From his long association with Stan Kenton (since 1952), many seem to be under the impression that he writes mostly wild, screaming, brass-blasting things. However, Richards is essentially a melodist, almost a romantic. His ballads—among them *Young at Heart* (with which Frank Sinatra had a hit in 1954) and *Imprevu* (a commercial for Coty perfumes)—are rich in inner

voicings, gentle in execution, and exquisite to hear.

But it is essentially his leaderitis that leads him to his manuscript paper and piano nearly every day. While the many musical voices within him press to be released—he once remarked that "composing is like giving birth to a baby"—Richards lives for one thing: to hear his own music performed.

For this purpose, the short, stocky, bald ("Yul Brynner gave me the courage to shave my head"), and brilliant musician has formed an orchestra of 17 men. Many of them constantly readjust their personal schedules to allow for maximum participation when Richards secures an engagement (or even a rehearsal).

First formed in 1956, this band is his second attempt; his first lasted from 1940 to 1945 (featuring 450 arrangements, mostly by Richards) and was disbanded for one reason. Says Richards succinctly: "I went broke."

He is a prolific composer. More than 1,000 jazz and/or movie-television scores and 25 classical compositions have flowed from his pen. He has started two symphonies but has found neither time nor money to complete them; he has also written string quartets and woodwinds quintets, as well as a recent tone poem for alto saxophone and symphony orchestra, called *The Magic of Aboris,* which was performed last spring by the Amarillo, Texas, Symphony Orchestra.

He is constantly creating new works for his jazz orchestra, and the entire book, with few exceptions, consists of his own compositions and arrangements.

His method of orchestration is not exactly standard. While the band contains the usual instrumentation—four trumpets, three trombones, four saxophones; a rhythm section of piano, bass, and drums—that is not all. There are also a second drummer (tympani and Latin percussion) and a tubaist; the saxophone section features a bass saxophone for bottom, and the baritonist doubles piccolo; and there is a mellophonium, the straight-bell mellophone pitched in F that he helped develop for the Kenton band and with which he replaced the original French horn in his orchestra a few years ago.

"Don Redman was my first influence for jazz arranging," he said. "I was in high school during the 20s, studying arranging, and Don used to sneak me into the Harlem club where he was playing and let me take notes."

Why jazz rather than classical music, considering Richards' background?

"Jazz permits the individual to add something of himself to the composition," the composer said. "I want that 'something else' as well."

Something Else was the title of the first album by the Richards orchestra, recorded on the West Coast. Others were recorded in New York, such as *Wide Range* (cut in 1957 and containing the composition that, in terms of precision, warmth, and tone color, best highlights Richards' skills, *The Ballad of Tappan Zee*); *Walk Softly, Run Wild* (1959 and featuring the band's theme, *Walk Softly*); and *My Fair Lady—My Way* (1964, when the movie version of the stage success was released).

ALL THROUGH his film-writing career—for Victor Young at Paramount Studios during the 1930s—the idea of having his own band kept haunting him.

"I loved working with Victor, but film scoring is strictly functional," he said. "When Victor left the studio in 1940, Boris Morros, the head of the music department, switched me to writing for the *Hopalong Cassidy* films. I didn't like horses, so I quit."

Richards' life is full of such enriching experiences. For example:

"I had always thought I was born in Schenectady, N.Y., in 1912. When my mother, a French concert pianist, became a naturalized citizen, I paid no further attention.

"But in 1955, I had a date lined up in Yugoslavia . . . my first behind the Iron Curtain. Before I could depart, though, the FBI suddenly appeared; they said I was born in Mexico, not America; claimed I had no citizenship papers, and said they'd have to conduct an investigation.

"Several months went by, and the job disappeared. And suddenly, one of the agents called me, told me to wear my best suit, and said to be ready to move at 8 the next morning. I thought they were going to deport me!

"Instead, I found myself before a federal judge, who handed me my citizenship papers, told me to stay out of trouble, and sent me home."

He does, however, have fonder memories of other experiences, especially in jazz.

"I wrote an album for Dizzy Gillespie when I was musical director for Discovery records in 1949, *Dizzy Gillespie Plays; Johnny Richards Conducts,* featuring Dizzy's trumpet over a background of strings, woodwinds, and French horns. And I loved working as an arranger for Boyd Raeburn in 1947—he had French horns and woodwinds and wild, wild ideas. The trumpet section included Conrad Gozzo, Wes Hensel, Pete Candoli, and Bernie Glow. I really had a ball with that band!"

Richards' ears—and mind—remain open. He listens to an immense variety of music; from Bach ("his precision is simply fantastic"), Beethoven, Bartok, and Stravinsky to the most astringent of the avant garde.

"I think Ornette Coleman, for example, has really opened up some new and different areas for the composer as well as the soloist," he commented. "Ornette is improvising, but he's composing, too, at the same time. I think that's great; I wish I could do that too."

HIS LONG ASSOCIATION with Stan Kenton has given Richards much satisfaction. They have been friends since their days in Hollywood during the 30s. "Stan has always given me the greatest writing freedom and the most encouragement—both musical and financial," Richards said.

From this rapport flowed the celebrated *Cuban Fire* (1955), which utilized the authentic Afro-Cuban rhythms of the guaracha (a 4/4 meter) and the nanigo (a swinging 6/8); the bittersweet brew that formed the Kenton-Richards version of Leonard Bernstein's *West Side Story* score (1962); and a collection of odd and tempestuous time signatures (9/8, 7/4, 7/8, 12/4) created for a series of compositions dedicated to the gods of Greek mythology, featured in *Adventures in Time* (1962).

The album that afforded Richards the most solo fun was *The Rites of Diablo.* Based on African tribal rituals, it featured what was probably the most passionate—as well as precise—music of his career. An eight-voice choir sang lullabies in Swahili, and a battery of seven drummers made sure that the rhythms were not only authentic but "savage" as well.

An extensive reader of mythology—"where I find the wildest imagination at work"—he is now involved in intensive research into South American stories, which he reads in Spanish. In conjunction with this, a suite of five compositions based on South American mythology—which will, however, be sold separately—will soon be available from the Schirmer Publishing Co.

Also among Richards' current enterprises is extensive clinic work, involving much travel to high schools and colleges around the country during the academic year. This kind of work gives him great satisfaction.

"The kids have a fantastic interest in music of *quality,*" he said, "and I'm more than happy to help them play something that's worthwhile. Especially when some of it happens to be my own."

He is quite proud of his 18-year-old son Joseph, who is now in Hollywood and has written the closing theme, *For Pete's Sake!,* for the Monkees' TV show. His wife, Bianca, is also creative: a

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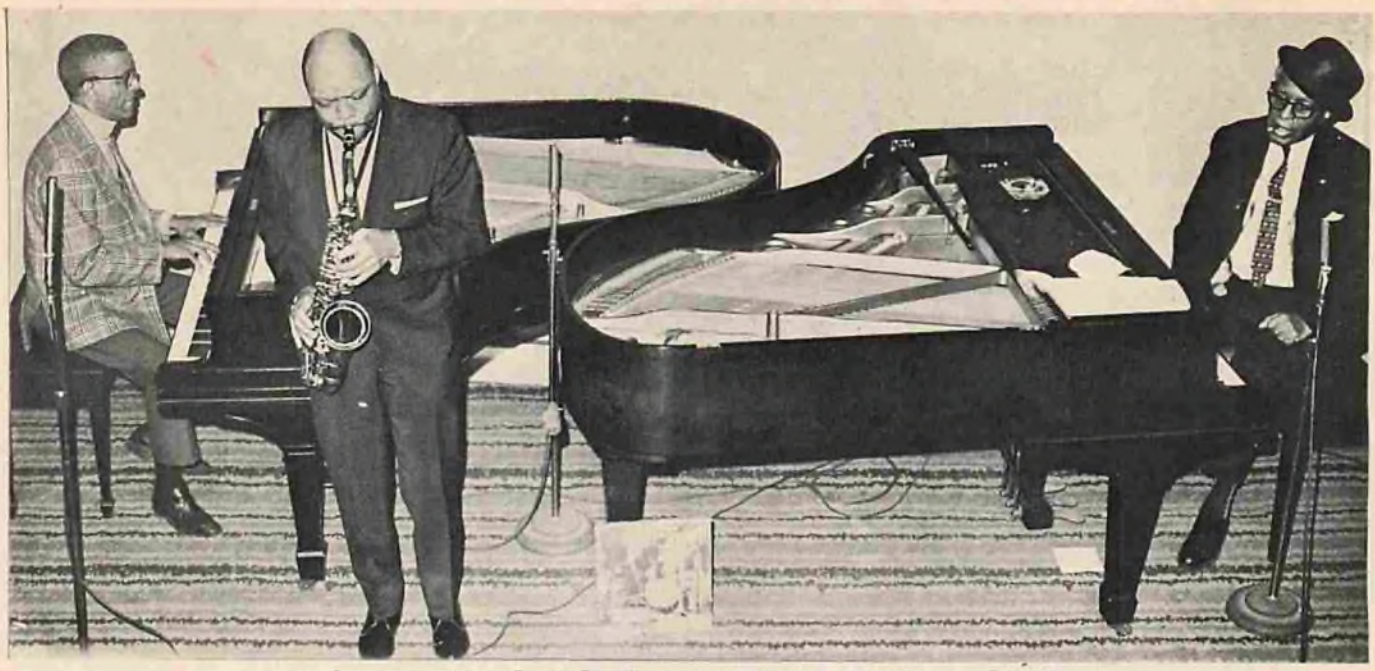
CAUGHT IN THE ACT



BILL SMITH

Claude Hopkins, Eddie Barefield, and The Lion: Tribute to a Friend

Don Ewell Benefit Concert

Colonial Tavern, Toronto, Ontario

Toronto's musical community, abetted by Willie (The Lion) Smith, Claude Hopkins, and Eddie Barefield, paid handsome tribute to the talents of pianist Ewell in a special Sunday night concert at the Colonial Tavern.

Admiration of Ewell's talents, and affection for him as a man, resulted in a celebration concert of overwhelming emotional and musical impact. Everyone gave what he could—the musicians with their talent, the Colonial with its premises, the Toronto Musicians Association with its blessing, and, last but not least, the jazz enthusiasts of Toronto, who stomped and cheered while contributing $1500 to Ewell's welfare.

It was an emotion-packed evening. This stemmed as much from the actual music as from the circumstances of the concert (to raise funds for Don Ewell, recovering from a mild stroke in Sunnybrook Hospital).

Bandleader Jim McHarg had been the prime mover in organizing the event, which was rushed through in a matter of days following Ewell's collapse on the second night of his scheduled two-week appearance at the Colonial. It was appropriate, therefore, that McHarg's Metro Stompers should open the proceedings. They gave tight, controlled renditions of *Bugle Boy March; Lonesome Road; Weary Blues,* and *Sheik of Araby*. Prominent in solos were cornetist Charlie Gall, whose special knack of evoking the spirit of Muggsy Spanier was particularly noticeable in *Lonesome Road,* and the thoughtful and persuasive soprano saxophonist, Jim Galloway.

While Henry Cuesta has achieved a reputation as a Benny Goodman-influenced clarinetist, and is best known by the public for his work with Jack Teagarden combos, he is, in fact, a multifaceted musician. He revealed and confirmed that as a jazzman he is best able to express himself on baritone saxophone, playing music that is a little more contemporary than that associated with his image.

Cuesta borrowed pianist Hopkins as an addition to his group, which consisted of Ron Peck, vibraharp; John McKnight, bass, and Don Vickory, drums. In Hopkins' honor, Cuesta had written arrangements for two of the pianist's originals.

The first of these, *Safari,* was a blockbuster, Cuesta tearing into his solo, handling the baritone as if it were an alto. It was a spontaneous, once-only rendition that typified the spirit of jazz. Hopkins dug into the spirit of the music and played delightful fills behind Cuesta and Peck in their solos, as well as delivering one of his own highly individual efforts. Hopkins sounded even better on another of his tunes, *Late Evening,* which featured Cuesta's clarinet. It was an impressive set.

Following the high pressure of Cuesta's music, the sedate thoughtfulness of pianist Smith's theme song, *Concentratin',* seemed a little out of place, but the genius of his talent, and that of Hopkins, soon dispelled this feeling, as these two masters, with the assistance of alto saxophonist Barefield, gave the listeners a taste of their musical magic.

Hopkins ran down *Three Little Words,* building up the tune as he progressed through a number of choruses, finishing with a flourish of striding left hand. Barefield joined Hopkins in a rendition of *Harlem Nocturne,* and the two pianists then ripped through *Nagasaki* to climax a brief but tasty portion of the evening.

Hopkins and Barefield stayed on to accompany Olive Brown. The singer was in superb form, performing deeply etched renditions of such blues as *Gimme a Pigfoot* and *See, See, Rider.* The pianist's economical but sensitive backing obviously inspired Miss Brown to reach for a new level of communication.

Miss Brown also was responsible for injecting into the finale the kind of spontaneous drive that put everyone on his mettle. McHarg's Metro Stompers had begun with the help of Smith and Hopkins, while Barefield and Cuesta vied with Galloway for honors.

Miss Brown cut in, took the microphone, and delivered a couple of choruses of supercharged singing. The night then was capped by a full-blown orchestral rendition of *Royal Garden Blues,* with Cuesta's baritone sax underscoring everything, and in solo, proceeding to cut everyone in sight.

The audience loved it all and went home filled with the joy of a memorable jazz performance. As Smith said, "There should be benefits all the time—not just when a musician is sick. Everyone should constantly check on whether one's brother is surviving."

If benefits mean the kind of performance that took place at the Colonial, they should occur every night. At least, then no one would be able to grumble about the state of jazz. —*John Norris*

Benny Carter Quintet

Donte's, North Hollywood, Calif.

Personnel: Carter, alto saxophone and trumpet; Billy Byers, trombone; Jimmy Jones, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Joe Harris, drums. Guest soloist: Sonny Criss, alto saxophone.

If the essence of jazz is spontaneity, then the unexpected must be its most valuable source of inspiration. A classic illustration of that theory—not just musically, but ritually—took place during Benny Carter's three-weekend gig at Donte's in North Hollywood.

The fact that Carter was lured into a club to front a combo at all was enough of a surprise. Ditto Billy Byers, whose writing assignments also allow him precious little time to exercise his chops.

The rhythm section was nearly as improbable as the front line. Red Mitchell looked as if he belonged there for the same reason that he would "belong" in

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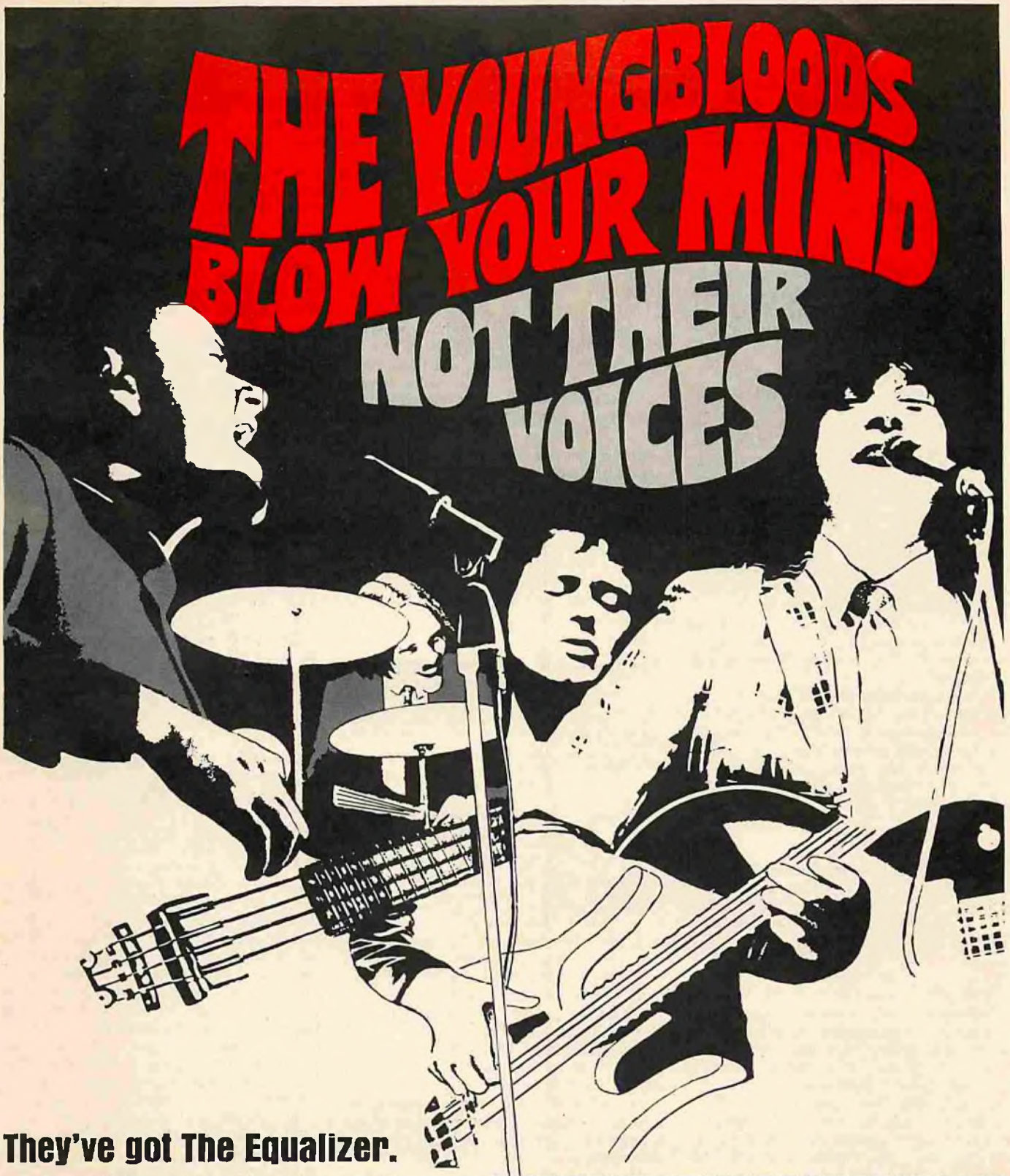

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Reviews are signed by the writers
Ratings are: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ excellent, ★ ★ ★ ★ very good, ★ ★ ★ good, ★ ★ fair, ★ poor.
When two catalog numbers are listed, the first is mono, and the second is stereo.

Booker Ervin

THE TRANCE—Prestige 7462: *The Trance; Speak Low; Groovin' at the Jamboree.*
Personnel: Ervin, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Reggie Workman, bass; Alan Dawson, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Ervin cut this LP (as well as another, *Settin' the Pace*, on which Dexter Gordon was co-featured), at a session in Munich, Germany during a lengthy stay in Europe.

The Trance is taken at a fairly fast tempo, but projects a feeling of sadness. It was written by Ervin in tribute to the late bassist George Tucker. *Speak Low* and *Groovin'* are both very fast.

Ervin's playing on *Trance* is simple and melodically attractive, and he paces himself well. The tenorman aptly employs his distinctive cries here; some of his work on the track has a Mid-Eastern flavor.

On *Speak Low* and *Groovin'*, Ervin turns in hard-swinging, fairly meaty solos. His work, however, is not particularly well constructed.

Byard contributes fine out-of-tempo soloing on *Speak Low*, and improvises warmly and pensively on *Trance*. The pianist's rhythm section work is excellent.

Workman and Dawson perform with vigor and taste as accompanists, and Workman has a splendid solo on *Trance*.

—Pekar

Charles Lloyd

JOURNEY WITHIN—Atlantic SD 1493: *Journey Within; Love No. 3; Memphis Green; Lonesome Child:* (a) *Song;* (b) *Dance.*
Personnel: Lloyd, tenor saxophone, flute; Keith Jarrett, piano, soprano saxophone (track 4 only); Ron McClure, bass; Jack DeJohnette, drums, shehnai.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

This LP, recorded live at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco, finds Lloyd's combo performing a variety of selections with varied degrees of success.

Journey is an exotic piece, featuring pleasant flute improvisation and a dissonant Jarrett piano spot. The best thing about the track, however, is the fascinatingly complex rhythm section work of McClure and DeJohnette, who play together so well that it almost seems as if they can read each other's minds.

Love is an unaccompanied piano solo. Jarrett's work on it is a weird mishmash of down-home and Third Stream playing.

Memphis Green, a blues, has hard-driving tenor work by Lloyd and a melodic, well-sustained solo by McClure. Jarrett takes a fairly good post-bop solo.

Child is supposed to be notable because it contains Jarrett's "record debut as a soprano saxophonist." His soprano work turns out to be just plain feeble, unfortunately. The selection is divided into two parts. The first, *Song*, contains some new-thing-style collective improvisation, with Lloyd on tenor and Jarrett on soprano. Lloyd plays strongly, showing an Albert Ayler influence, although Jarrett doesn't hold up his end of things. On *Child's* second section, *Dance*, McClure's improvising is highlighted. He plays imaginatively and sensitively, both with the bow and pizzicato.

Eclecticism is not necessarily a bad thing, but it doesn't work out too well for Lloyd's group on this LP. There is too much dabbling going on here. Maybe Lloyd and his men should do more of the things they do well. Maybe they should improve the things they don't do too well. At any rate, they are talented fellows, and I hope their next try is better than this album.

—Pekar

Roy Meriwether

SOUL INVADER—Columbia DX 9544: *It's a Mean World to Live In; Soul Invader; Lonely Man; On Green Dolphin Street; My Funny Valentine; Little Lousy Jane; Comin' Home, Baby; Lullaby of Birdland; Sweet 16 Bars; Cottonfields; Afterhours.*
Personnel: Meriwether, piano; Lester Bass, bass; Dave Schierlok, drums.

Rating: ★

The Three Sounds

LIVE AT THE LIGHTHOUSE—Blue Note BST 84265: *Still I'm Sad; Crying Time; June Night; I Thought About You; I Held My Head in Shame; Summertime; Makin' Bread Again; Here's That Rainy Day; Blues March.*
Personnel: Gene Harris, piano and organ; Andrew Simpkins, bass; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

It must be frustrating for the jazz fan who loves the great pianists—and perhaps even more so for the fan who has bothered to discover the something special in lesser-known artists like Duke Jordan, Herbie Nichols, and Sonny Clark—to see a steady stream of LPs from groups such as the Three Sounds and Meriwether. Both groups are lightweight.

These albums were recorded before approving audiences, but the response of the crowd does not seem to have inspired either group.

The Meriwether set is pretty much a travesty. The pianist works, for the most part, in a Les McCann bag, but he simply doesn't have the equipment to bring it off.

In order to make music in that style, one must be able to get the rhythmic "thing" going. When McCann is into one of his Gospel-blues, one might be aware that nothing much is happening melodically, but the swing will generate enough interest for the listener to find something worthwhile. Meriwether pushes, rushes, and drags, but he doesn't swing. The rhythm section is at odds with itself, and the entire set falls flat. The album is so uninteresting that it will probably prove embarrassing to Meriwether as he improves.

The Sounds have a different problem. The group is experienced, beautifully integrated, and sensitive to the requirements of the individual members. In fact, Simpkins and Bailey work much better together than many prominent rhythm pairs. What hampers the set is the playing of Harris. He seems to have little interest in improvising, being content to doodle in the upper register and provide frills and fancies rather than musical substance.

To its credit, the group seems to accomplish its purpose on most tracks. Of the tunes, only *Crying* is a poor choice. The recording is beautiful—full points to engineer Dino Lappas.

Readers familiar with the Sounds and in favor of their methods will want this LP, but for those seeking an introduction to the group, an earlier Blue Note date, *Moods*, would be a better choice.—*Porter*

Barry Miles

BARRY MILES PRESENTS HIS NEW SYNCRETIC COMPOSITIONS — Venture Records: *Contrasts; Rapport; Brother Ron; Exposition and Development.*
Personnel: Robin Kenyatta, alto saxophone; Lew Soloff, trumpet; Miles, piano; Walter Booker, bass; Don Perullo, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

Don't ever send a jazzman to college. He learns words like "syncretic," which shouldn't even be used by critics or liner-note writers. The dictionary says it is the adjectival form of the Greek-derived verb syncretize, which means "to fuse or harmonize, as conflicting principles." The philological usage is especially interesting and refers to "the union or fusion into one of two or more originally different inflectional forms," which is, I think, the meaning Miles wants rather than the more common religious usage of the term.

The implication is that jazz and legitimate classical music practices are reconciled—syncretized—in the music of Miles' group, which is here heard in a Princeton University concert recording (Miles attends the university).

"Each piece is a complete entity," the notes assert, "composing a work of perfect form, yet full of freedom for the improvising instrumentalist to perform at his highest creative level and yet not stray from the good taste that is necessary to make an artistic effort of value. From the first note to the last of every composition, there is a real relationship with every preceding note, and if analyzed by the musicologist, each piece would prove to be

a meaningful and valid serious work."

Despite the pretension, there is a good bit to recommend the music.

First, there is the interactivity, the organic flow of the music among the members. Pianist Miles, bassist Booker, and drummer Perullo respond beautifully to the solos of the two horn men, particularly the pianist, who seems uncannily able to second-guess the soloist, with the result that the piano lines often complement those of the horns with a responsiveness that is surprising in its totality—doubly so if wholly improvised.

One suspects that the compositions themselves are responsible for much of this rapport, although it would be informative to know just how long this group had been together at the time of recording.

For all their freedom, the compositions are fairly highly and rigidly structured, demonstrating how important and helpful a strong sense of discipline and formal organization are to avant-garde jazz.

The performances cohere beautifully—even the 30-minute *Exposition and Development* hangs together, and as a result interest never lags. There is a strong, fluid motion to the lineaments of the piece itself, so that even during the course of a somewhat inconclusive solo (such as the latter part of Soloff's) the momentum is carried forward, and a good deal of excitement is generated by the high degree of interaction with the soloist by the rhythm section. (Even here one is unable to escape the tyranny of categories: this is not simply a "rhythm" section, of course, but a trio of interacting musicians who do much more than make explicit the pulse of the composition.)

Miles' compositions and arrangements are vigorous, rich, full of potentialities, and rhythmically arresting (probably as a result of his former experience as a percussion prodigy). They make use of a great deal of contrast and contrary motion and must be interesting to play; certainly they engage the listener in their active interplay of light and dark, of tension and release. They seem to generate pretty strong playing most of the time; there's little shucking going on.

Kenyatta is the most consistently impressive solo voice. His alto is decidedly post-Ornette, post-Coltrane; full of shrieking, crying power, his playing is at the same time lyrical—but corrosively so. His lines are etched acid-sharp; they have bite to them. And he can sustain a long flurrying barrage at rapid tempo with perfect control and sense of direction. I dig his sound too.

Trumpeter Soloff struck me as a fine technician—excellent in the ensembles and in contrapuntal interplay—but failed to move me overmuch in his solo playing. He has power in abundance and perfect control over his horn but just never seemed to bring any sense of development or design to his solos. They seemed more a series of explosions that spluttered out than coherent, unified improvisations.

Miles is an interesting pianist—the former prodigy has developed into a mature musician, and the play of his fertile imagination gives one a great deal of pleasure to follow.

What is particularly striking about his playing is the rich, counterrhythmic complexity with which he conceives his solo and supporting lines. His command of this area lends excitement to proceedings, coloring every aspect of the music—the arrangements, the solos of the horn men, and his own passionate improvisations.

He really pushes things—churns up the bottom, so to speak—and his playing gives the ensemble much of its impetus. His inventiveness is matched by his taste.

Venture records is at 53 E. 10th St., New York City. Orders can be made directly to that address. Incidentally, the playing time is more than 56 minutes.

I take back what I originally said—maybe it's not such a bad idea to send a jazzman to college. In Miles' case, it certainly paid off handsomely. —*Welding*

James Moody

MOODY AND THE BRASS FIGURES—Milestone MLP1005/MSP9005: *Smack-A-Mac; Bess, You Is My Woman Now; Cherokee; Love, Where Are You; The Moon Was Yellow; Au Privave; Ruby, My Dear; Simplicity and Beauty; Never Again.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 4, 6, 8: Moody, tenor saxophone; Snooky Young, Joe Newman, trumpets; Jimmy Owens, trumpet, fluegelhorn; Jimmy Cleveland, trombone; Don Butterfield, tuba; Kenny Barron, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Mel Lewis drums; Tom McIntosh, arranger-conductor. Remaining tracks: Moody, tenor saxophone, flute (track 3 only); same rhythm section.

Rating: ★★★★★

James Moody is an exemplary musi-

cian—creative, dedicated, honest—whose versatility, ironically, may have contributed to deprive him of the degree of acclaim that is his due.

His mastery of three instruments—alto and tenor saxophones and flute—sometimes makes us forget just how damn good he is on each horn. This album could rectify that condition as far as the tenor is concerned, for it excellently showcases Moody on this (perhaps his favorite) axe.

I can think of few tenor players out here *now* that can touch Moody as he reveals himself here. And this is not a tour de force kind of album. Much better, it is—simply, but oh so rarely these days—a well-thought out, well-crafted, well-balanced album of straightforward, intelligent music-making.

McIntosh, whose scores call no undue attention to themselves but are rightfully designed to set up and set off the featured soloist, and Barron, whose absolutely right comping serves the same purpose, are old associates of Moody from his last own group. It tells that they dig and respect him, and aren't those the kind of people a man should record with? Cranshaw and Lewis acquit themselves beautifully as well, and the brass men handle their assignment with the superior skill that one would expect from these top-of-the-game cats.

Smack is a hip blues, by Moody and McIntosh—hip but not hippy-dip. It's all Moody, with some brass licks to spur him along. He has immediate presence; the mark of a real player.

Trumpets and gentle tuba lay out a carpet for Moody's *Bess*, and he makes her his own. A lovely tune (one of Gershwin's finest melodies), played with unwavering taste and deep feeling. Moody's sound is virile yet pliant—a rare combination, reflected in the masculine tenderness of his emotional expression.

Cherokee is Moody's request for a flute feature. The reflective opening reminds us what a pretty tune this is, and then the tempo comes on briskly, Moody displaying mastery of horn and mastery of changes. Note how he stretches a single riff phrase across some 14 bars for maximum swing and tension, promptly and effectively released in a flurry of rapid triplets. The rhythm section cooks on this.

Love, Where Are You is one of three fine Moody ballads on this set. His full, warm, yet lean tone is admirably displayed on a melody of substance and grace. *Yellow*, a good standard, has an opening statement which is as direct and to the point as Dexter Gordon at his best, and moves on into superior improvising. Those who dug middle Coltrane will dig this—not that it is "like" that, in anything but affect.

Charlie Parker's *Au Privave* has McIntosh's most ambitious writing of the date, with some aptly incorporated "freedom" touches. The tempo is just right, and the composer would have approved of the interpretation.

Monk's *Ruby* has been given the royal tenor treatment by Coleman Hawkins and John Coltrane. Moody's version now takes its rightful place alongside these masterpieces, from the startling intro to the last note. It is a prime example of how a great player can get *inside* a great tune.

Simplicity and Beauty is just that—a gentle waltz, with Moody flowing and blowing. Someone might profitably put good lyrics to this; Moody sure sings it. *Never Again*, also a Moody original, has a blues feeling and features legato passages that show Moody's ability to sustain long notes in magisterial fashion.

A word for Kenny Barron: aside from his perfect comping, he has a few solo spots (*Moon; Ruby; Privave*) that are indicative of his rare talent—a talent that yet has to be appropriately displayed on a record date of his own. His taste and sinewy delicacy remind of Tommy Flanagan, and in my book, that's something.

The only other soloist is Owens, who takes two exquisite fluegelhorn choruses on *Privave*

Bob Cranshaw has some remarkable moments, notably behind Barron on *Ruby*, and is a pip in the section. Mel Lewis shows once again how well he understands the drummer's role in making music, and how well he can translate that understanding into action.

James Moody and his companions tell a story on every track in this rewarding album of warm, mature, communicative jazz music. —*Morgenstern*

Don Scaletta

SUNDAY AFTERNOON AT THE TRIDENT —Verve 5027: *Summer Samba; People Will Say We're in Love; Sweet Betsy from Pike; Favela; My Little Houseboat; Love for Sale; Time Weary Rock; Chessy Cat.*

Personnel: Scaletta, piano; Mel Nowell, bass; Nikki Lamkin, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

I have not heard from Scaletta since I reviewed one of his albums more than two years ago. Since then, he seems to have changed in his musical thinking from the Vince Guaraldi bag to a Bill Evans approach. It still means that an identifiable "Scaletta sound" has not yet emerged, but at the same time, it makes for extremely enjoyable listening.

The more cerebral direction Scaletta has taken suits his approach. With Nowell furnishing implied time, *Sweet Betsy* becomes the album's showcase for the pianist's advanced harmonic conception, as well as his fluidity of melodic line. The same track boasts a busy, but never obtrusive variation on 3/4 by drummer Lamkin.

Bossa novas come in for highly original treatment—neither *Summer* nor *Favela* depends on anyone else's Latin outlook. Both are thoughtfully reharmonized, and both are given brisk rhythmic workouts, as opposed to the Brazilian penchant for introspective sambas.

Time Weary Rock (the last word is used only in the geological sense) is a moody, changeable thing, and Lamkin and Nowell help paint a portrait with effective cymbal-tapping and bowing. *Love for Sale* allows for maximum stretching out, with fine solos by Scaletta and Nowell, but the tambourine-tinged background tends to wear after 8½ minutes.

Heavy-handed drumming robs *Chessy* of any subtlety. (Scaletta doesn't help either; his interpolation of *Playmate* is too long—in order to be effective, a quote

should be nearly subliminal.) A tendency to rush hurts *People Will Say*. The slight acceleration comes at the start of a well-constructed four-to-the-bar bass solo.

But the important thing is that both pieces swing and help to add color to a good album. —*Siders*

Valdo Williams

NEW ADVANCED JAZZ—Savoy MG-12188: *Desert Fox; Bad Manners; Move Faster; The Conqueror.*

Personnel: Williams, piano; Reggie Johnson, bass; Stu Martin, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Perhaps this music could be called conservative avant-garde jazz. It's advanced in some ways, but also has mainstream-modern jazz characteristics.

Williams is at his best when playing in a manner reminiscent of bop pianists. His meaty, powerful, boppish improvisation seems to have been influenced by Bud Powell and, to a lesser degree, Thelonious Monk. Williams is his own man, though; he's far beyond the imitative stage.

There are sections in the pianist's solos in which he consciously employs a "far-out," Third Stream approach. His playing sometimes becomes pretentious and heavy-handed during these passages, and doesn't equal his boppish work.

Part of the reason for the rating is the excellent work of Johnson and Martin. Their accompaniment provides Williams with a wonderful lift. Johnson plays with massive strength, and makes an intelligent choice of notes. Martin employs a nice variety of colors and rhythmic patterns, and his backing of Williams is also notable for its slashing intensity.

Both men also solo well. Martin has tasteful, well-paced turns on *Fox* and *Conqueror*. Johnson has good plucked spots on *Fox* and *Manners*. In his bowed *Conqueror* solo, the bassist plays all over his instrument, employing both low and extremely high notes. —*Pekar*

OLD WINE— NEW BOTTLES

Duke Ellington: *The Beginning* (Decca DL 9224)

Rating: ★★★★

Chick Webb: *A Legend (Vol. 1: 1929-36);* (Decca DL 9223)

Rating: ★★★★

Chick Webb: *King of the Savoy (Vol. 2: 1937-39);* (Decca DL 9223)

Rating: ★★★★★

Earl Hines: *South Side Swing* (Decca DL 9221)

Rating: ★★★★

Andy Kirk: *Instrumentally Speaking* (DL 9232)

Rating: ★★★★

Woody Herman: *The Turning Point* (Decca DL 9229)

Rating: ★★★½

The six LPs in Decca's new "Jazz Heritage" reissue series under consideration here constitute a capsule history of big bands from 1926 to 1944.

Not a formal history, by any means, yet encompassing a lot of territory, from Ellington's *Immigration Blues* (the earliest) to Herman's *I Ain't Got Nothing But the Blues* (the latest, and coincidentally, an Ellington piece).

These are separated by 18 years almost to the day—18 years crucial in jazz development. By December 1926, Louis Armstrong had just begun to dispatch his revolutionary messages; by December 1944, Charlie Parker, already fully developed, stood poised on the brink of history-making.

Between those peaks, a broad, fertile valley had come into being in which grew some of the sturdiest jazz oaks. It was a period during which jazz reached its first (and so far, only) golden age, a period during which a common language was being created and explored and a music that could truly be called great emerged.

It is a sad but inescapable fact that the accursed 20th Century historical perspective, which considers the past only as an adjunct to the present (and the present as a vehicle for extrapolations concerning the future) has created a climate of jazz listening in which eras and styles of the music are not heard side by side, but step by step.

Something "old" is seldom listened to for its own sake and for the enjoyment of what it has to offer on its own terms, but

as something to be compared with other things, other kinds of music. That is, when it is listened to at all.

Today's jazz audience, at least in this country, is perhaps the most ill-informed and perspective-less audience of any art form. Even the most fledgling *cineaste* has seen some of the work of Griffith, Eisenstein, and Chaplin; even the most vulgar adherent of the latest pop-op-action-energy fad in painting has at least been exposed to some Rembrandt, El Greco and Van Gogh; even the most harebrained addict of theatrical happenings and four-letter drama has some acquaintance with Shakespeare, Moliere, and Ibsen.

But the majority of the jazz audience is semi-literate: at the most, it is acquainted with the music as far back as its own first conscious listening. How many 20 and 25-year old jazz fans have actually heard prime Armstrong, vintage Ellington, top-of-the-game Lester Young, not to mention Tatum? I mean heard—listened to—not just skimmed.

Regardless of what the latest wisdom has to say, you cannot understand anything without knowing something about it. Jazz is in the fortunate position of having a short past, much of which can readily be re-created, at least to some significant extent, through the medium of phonograph records.

At the moment, a rather impressive amount of this past is once again readily available on records. Columbia, Victor, now, happily, also Decca, and a host of smaller labels have laid out a veritable feast.

Let's have a look at this batch, if possible, without the jaundiced eye of history.

In the case of Ellington, of course, history is hard to escape, since that great man's work, more than any other jazz creators', perhaps, forms an unbroken continuum. Still, at any time in Ellington's career, his music has stood on its own merits.

The early efforts contained in *The Beginning* (not quite; there is some earlier material still) sometimes do sound archaic, particularly the sweet, mournful saxes. But there is already the sense of form, the playfulness, the flair for melodic invention, and the use of the orchestra as a sum greater than its parts.

And of course, individualistic solo voices. Chief among these, trumpeter Bubber Miley and trombonist Joe Tricky Sam Nanton. They complement each other, these two, with their mastery of growl and mute aproaches, and their roots in the blues and church music.

Miley, whose flame burned briefly and brightly, sparkles on nearly every track: his own co-compositions, *Black and Tan Fantasy* and *East St. Louis Toodle-oo* (the latter in part a close cousin to *Sister Kate*); on the plaintive *Song of the Cotton Field;* on the shouting *Red Hot Band*, and on the vibrant *Take It Easy*, in particular.

Nanton already had his perfect poise: never a note wasted, never a beat misplaced, never a fumble. He solos on every track except *Birmingham Breakdown*, which, like *Black Beauty*, features the pianist in the band, whose style then had traces of ragtime, James P. Johnson and The Lion, Arthur Schutt—and Ellington.

Otto Hardwicke, a superlative technician with a lovely tone, plays agile solos which contain some of the very "saxophonish" devices of the day. A youthful Harry Carney is glimpsed, mostly on baritone, but also on alto, which he plays very well indeed. And on four of the 1928 tracks, there is the liquid, exuberant New Orleans clarinet of Barney Bigard, a great new voice in the band.

On the two last tracks, there are also bits of another new voice, Johnny Hodges. His soprano solo on *Yellow Dog Blues* is perhaps the greatest thing in the album, Miley notwithstanding, but then, young Johnny was Sidney Bechet's boy.

Nine of the 14 selections are Ellington pieces, and of these, only *Black and Tan, East St. Louis,* and *Black Beauty* have survived. Some are paraphrases (a practise as old as jazz itself; not the invention of bebop), such as *The Creeper*, which is *Tiger Rag*. But *Take it Easy* is a fine tune——Ellingtonia is a treasure chest of things that could still be played.

One can't say that a good job was done

Chick Webb

on the sound. *Birmingham*, for one, is almost inexcuseable. The British low-priced *Ace of Hearts* series has done a much better job with this material, and one would expect Decca to improve in the future.

The two Chick Webb LPs are almost worth the price for Stanley Dance's detailed and fascinating resume of the valiant little drummer's short and eventful life.

The choices are excellent, and form a chronological sequence. Volume 1 holds the edge for rarity; Volume 2 has the better reproduction of the drum parts and the bulk of the infrequent Webb solo flights.

Webb's drumming was the epitome of swing, and he was a master at playing with a big band (or more accurately, making a big band play). *Harlem Congo* (on Vol. 2) is perhaps the most stunning representation of his art, both in driving the band, feeding the soloists, and taking solos (his short feature spot is fantastic; only Buddy Rich could get all over the drums like that, and he is not a 4'1" hunchback).

Other drumming gems are *Liza* and *Clap Hands, Here Comes Charlie*, both from Vol. 2 (the former in a superb Benny Carter arrangement). His brushwork can be fully appreciated in the chamber setting of *I Got Rhythm* by Chick Webb's Little Chicks (clarinet, flute, and four rhythm). But the drummer can be felt throughout.

The band was a Harlem band, with a Harlem sound, definable only by listening. It was not a crack ensemble, and there are slightly sour passages, but the spirit and drive make up for that.

In Edgar Sampson, it had one of the great composer-arrangers of Swing, and his *Don't Be That Way, Blue Lou,* and *Facts and Figures* are standouts on Vol. 1. He also played good alto, albeit a little politely.

The outstanding soloist is trombonist Sandy Williams, a vehement, swinging, inventive player in the great Jimmy Harrison tradition. His chef d'oeuvre is *Dipsy Doodle*, but he is in evidence almost throughout.

Harrison himself can be heard on three early tracks in Vol. 1, from before Webb had a steady gig at the Savoy Ballroom and a steady personnel. His solo on *Heebie Jeebies*, from his last date, is outstanding in its warmth, melodic finesse, swing, and ease of execution—the father of swing trombone in a nutshell.

Trumpeters Bobby Stark and Taft Jordan also graced the band. The former, less often featured, is perhaps the more original, with a biting, leaping and very attractive style. Jordan is more eclectic; in those days, his models seemed Armstrong and Red Allen, with a soupcon of Roy Eldridge on later tracks. He had a great, full sound, plenty of chops, and also sang well (*It's Over Because We're Through*, a la Satchmo).

There is also, on one track in Vol. 1 and four in Vol. 2, a young singer named Ella Fitzgerald. She is delightful, and how she swung, already then! But one might carp about the inclusion of *Undecided* and *Tisket, A Tasket*, already available on an Ella reissue album, though they're part of the band's saga. The sound on these two sets is generally good.

Earl Hines already had a permanent band in residence at Chicago's Grand Terrace Ballroom when Webb made his first record with a pickup group. The album displays the band in 1934-35, at its first peak.

Not fancied by an earlier generation of jazz critics to the degree that Ellington, Basie and Lunceford were, this was a top notch outfit. Arranger Jimmy Mundy, responsible for the bulk of the 16 charts here (because this is the total of Hines' output for Decca, we get two extra tracks, which raises a point: why be skimpy—when Victor and Columbia [Epic] can afford 16 every time?) was and is a fine arranger, and the band was a unified ensemble.

Hines takes marvelous solos on almost every track, and always makes his presence felt. *Angry* is particularly outstanding, but there are gems in abundance.

A budding Trummy Young, one of the all-time trombone players, is in evidence here and there, particularly on *Disappointed in Love*. The clarinet work, very good, is handled by Darnell Howard, who also uncorks a fine violin solo on *Cavernism*, one of Mundy's best.

Omer Simeon, though best known as a clarinetist, is mainly heard on alto, which he plays with a Hodges gleam. Best trumpet soloist is Walter Fuller, also a Louis-Red Allen man, who was a good jazz singer as well *(Rosetta; Julia)*. Mundy takes

the tenor solos, showing that he could have made it as a player if he hadn't chosen to concentrate on writing. George Dixon handled the muted trumpet work, and also arranged, as did bassist Quinn Wilson (a good one) and tenorist Cecil Irwin, whose *Japanese Sandman* is a fine piece of work (all Hines' arrangers made especially good use of trombone trios).

Hines' piano sounds as "modern" as ever, but the band as a whole, except on occasion, is remarkably undated. Dance again contributes exemplary notes, and the sound is the best of the series. A nice album.

Andy Kirk started early, too (he had his own band by 1928). When he began to hit his stride, in 1936, Basie had not yet made his impact, and thus the Kirk Clouds of Joy were really the first top big band to come out of Kansas City in the swing era.

Its roots, like Basie's, were in Benny Moten's superb 1932 band, and Kirk's *Moten Swing* sticks pretty close to the model, to the point of trumpeter Paul King paraphrasing Hot Lips Page's solo. But with Mary Lou Williams in charge of keyboard and charts, the band had its own personality.

With very few personnel changes through its golden years (1936-41), the band had a unity matched by few. The riffs, easy swing, and reliance on the blues in its many guises are all traits we identify with Kansas City, and Kirk manifests them all.

Aside from Miss Williams, a genius arranger and superb soloist, the band's greatest individual voice was tenorist Dick Wilson, whose untimely death in 1941 robbed jazz of a star.

He takes some 10 fine solos on this album; among the best are *Lot of Sax Appeal* and *In the Groove*. His work is sometimes very close to Chu Berry's, but with a lightness quite his own, and exceptional fluidity. Like the saying used to go, he "tells a story" every time.

Trumpeter King, an unsung player, is excellent. He shares trumpet honors with Shorty Baker, whose pair of choruses on *Ring Dem Bells* are perfect.

Mary's Idea is one of Miss Williams' most interesting pieces, and *Steppin' Pretty*, a *Honeysuckle Rose* paraphrase, has absolutely lovely saxophone passages. Ben Thigpen, the band's excellent drummer (he's Ed's poppa) takes a couple of good-natured vocals, and Floyd Smith's amplified Hawaiian guitar is featured on *Floyd's Guitar Blues*.

The latest entries, *Boogie Woogie Cocktail* and *McGhee Special*, are showcases for Kenny Kersey's fleet, harmonically interesting piano, and young Howard McGhee's brash trumpet. If you dig vintage Basie, it's a cinch you'll dig this album.

The title of the Herman album refers to the fact that it catches the band at the threshold of First Herd fame, and after the "Band that Plays the Blues" stage.

These were war years, and Woody often bolstered his personnel with visiting celebrities. Thus, we have Ben Webster on quite a few tracks; Budd Johnson on three, and Johnny Hodges and Juan Tizol on one. The final session has the Herd lineup almost intact, but not yet in the groove that made it famous.

Woody always had good bands, and always played plenty of jazz. But there are also several lightweight novelties here that don't have much to offer, and a few nice, melodic readings of standards that are merely pleasant. (Interestingly, on these Woody patterns his playing on Artic Shaw, the master of melodic clarinet.)

The most interesting things here are *Basie's Basement*, with a fine Hy White guitar spot; the previously unissued *Cryin' Sands*, with Webster and altoist Johnny Bothwell (sugar and saccharine); *Perdido*, with Hodges and Tizol; *Ingie Speaks*, an Ellington-flavored Dave Matthews chart that spots Georgie Auld; Budd Johnson's spot on *Cherry*, and the fine trumpet section work on *Do Nothing Till You Hear From Me*, which also has one of Woody's easygoing, pleasant vocals.

For Herman fans, this will of course be of interest, not least for the strong Ellington influence, and it fills the gap between the early stuff that's bound to come on Decca, and the later Columbia material. Which reminds us—when will Capitol restore the wonderful things Woody cut for them?

I guess I haven't been able to stay away from history, which, I hasten to say, has its place. But when you listen to these sounds of the past, which retain so much freshness, let the notes speak, not the footnotes.

—*Morgenstern*

JAMES MOODY / BLINDFOLD TEST

JIM TAYLOR

Things have been looking up, and alternately down, for James Moody ever since he first joined Dizzy Gillespie 20 years ago. At that time he was 22 and not long out of the Army; his road work with Gillespie's big band marked his first major professional experience.

Next came three years as a European expatriate, followed by a somewhat erratic career as leader of his own combo. Senior Moody followers will recall his original version of *I'm In the Mood For Love*, which became a hit when King Pleasure's vocalese turned it into *Moody's Mood For Love*.

Originally best known as a tenor soloist, Moody later acquired a substantial reputation playing alto saxophone and flute. In 1962 he returned to his old stomping ground, replacing Leo Wright in the Gillespie quintet. Things went smoothly until last spring, when he suffered an attack of Bell's palsy that left him partly paralyzed. Moody's recovery, and his return both to the combo and to full blowing power, brought joy to the hearts of the innumerable friends he has made during his two decades as a respected jazzman.

He was given no information about the records played for his *Blindfold Test*.

—Leonard Feather

1. SAM RIVERS. *Detour Ahead* (from *A New Conception*, Blue Note). Rivers, flute; soprano and tenor saxophones; Hal Galper, piano; Herbert Lewis, bass; Steve Ellington, drums.

The only time I ever understood anything on that record was when the tenor player finally came in. At the beginning, the idea would come to me, and then fade, as to just what the tune was; it was something like a pop tune, but I could never quite get what it was until the tenor player started playing it.

I don't know whether the person playing flute switched to soprano and then tenor, but if he did, I understood it better on tenor.

I guess I'm old fashioned and I'm still learning about music. I'm not too hip to all these new things going on, but I'm trying to learn. Still, I don't particularly care for the bass running and jumping from one place to another, and the piano player doing the same thing, and the horn player, also, because instead of listening to the soloists and getting a nice background, actually you're listening to four solos; the bass is soloing, the piano player is running, and the drummer and the saxophone player are doing it.

Whoever the guy is playing flute, he put in some time to learn the instrument, but it didn't really do anything for me. Just one star.

2. ART FARMER. *The Sidewinder* (from *The Great Jazz Hits*, Columbia). Farmer, trumpet; Jimmy Heath, tenor saxophone.

That's Lee Morgan's tune, *The Sidewinder*, and it sounds like two young, upcoming musicians are playing it. It didn't sound to me like any of the seasoned trumpet or tenor players.

It was a good trumpet player and good tenor player, but nothing to get bowled over about. This is just another half-way decent record; it didn't kill me. I like it better than the other one, two stars.

3. GARY BARTZ. *Eastern Blues* (from *Libra*, Milestone). Jimmy Owens, fluegelhorn; Bartz, composer, alto saxophone.

That sounded like Jimmy Owens to me on fluegelhorn. I like very much the way Jimmy plays. I don't know who the alto saxophone player was, but he sounded very good to me. All in all, I like that better than anything I've heard so far, and I'd have to give that one four stars. Yes, I really felt that.

4. DUKE ELLINGTON. *La Scala, She Too Pretty To Be Blue* (from *The Symphonic Ellington*, Reprise). Cootie Williams, trumpet; Russell Procope, clarinet; Paul Gonsalves, tenor saxophone; Ellington, composer.

Now, the first thing that would come to my mind would be that was Duke Ellington, and Jimmy Hamilton on clarinet, but it's a little more like it might have been Russell Procope; but then again, it sounded like it might have been a whole band imitating Ellington with strings, because it sounds like Procope but then it doesn't; it sounds like Paul Gonsalves, but then it doesn't; and it sounded like Cootie Williams, but then it didn't—and then, near the end of it, the tenor player was a little flat, but after a while he found it and sounded a little more like Paul Gonsalves, who I respect and like very much. It sounded more like him at the beginning.

It sounded like it might have been a group of musicians imitating the Duke sound; however, just because it's Duke Ellington, five stars . . . even if it's an imitation!

5. ALBERT AYLER. *Our Prayer* (from *Albert Ayler In Greenwich Village*, Impulse).

That sounded rather like *No Place Like Home* and that's where they should have been. I have no comment on that. I really don't understand it. Coltrane did so much with the chord thing, he knew his instrument, knew musically what was happening and he did it. Then he went to the so-called free form thing, and I could understand it because he went step by step, so I'd take it that he knew what he was doing. But a lot of other people are doing this, and I'd never heard them play before, except this new thing.

I guess I'm just old fashioned—I just like to swing and hear some changes in there. I'm busy trying to learn changes myself. I hadn't heard this record before, but I had heard the group before, playing at Trane's funeral, and I'm just a little bewildered. I'm not saying it's bad and I'm not saying it's good—I just don't understand it.

I wouldn't want to play like that, because I don't get anything from it. I can't give it any stars; I don't dig it.

6. SONNY STITT. *I Will Wait For You* (from *Keep Comin' Back*, Roulette). Stitt, Varitone; Michel Legrand, composer.

That was a cute song, and that was my man, Sonny Stitt. The record was a cute thing. I'm not exactly giving the record five stars, but I'm giving Sonny five stars just for being him, and the saxophone player that he is.

The instrument he's playing is the Varitone, the new thing Selmer put out, with the octave thing. I think it has its place, rather like an organ; there are times when it fits. I've tried it, and I like it.

I particularly liked the melody of the song, and in rating this, I'm really only giving the five stars to Sonny, just for being Sonny.

7. HERBIE MANN. *Yesterday's Kisses* (from *The Herbie Mann String Album*, Atlantic). Mann, flute; Torrie Zito, arranger.

That sounded like a pleasant tune you would hear over the radio, an FM station with no commercials. However, for the flute, I think it was a G flute. I think it would have been better if he'd played a C flute because the band was voiced so low, and he's playing low, too. It sounded a little muddled.

It was funny, because at times it sounded like a flute playing an obbligato thing, and at times it sounded like violins playing obbligato to the alto flute.

It was a pleasant record. I liked it, and I'd give it three stars.

8. CANNONBALL ADDERLEY. *Games* (Capitol single). Nat Adderley, cornet, composer; Cannonball Adderley, alto saxophone; Joe Zawinul, piano.

Yes, I'll go along with the people! That was a good boogaloo thing there. I recognized Cannonball and Nat. Sounded like it might be a Joe Zawinul tune, the way the changes were going. If it is, hope he gets another *Mercy, Mercy*.

I'll give that five stars. I like what Cannonball's doing, and they really play well together. Cannonball seems like he's getting a little more reckless, which is good—not so poised. Nat, of course, always was a swinger, and Joe was going along there with the mood of the record. db

CAUGHT

(Continued from page 24)

any group from McKinney's Cotton Pickers to a Ravi Shankar ensemble: unlimited versatility. But Jimmy Jones and Joe Harris were new and welcome faces in town.

This was Benny's ball, and he surrounded himself with like-minded swingers dedicated to good tunes, a straight-ahead approach, instant reharmonization, and an "in" humor that was never too far over the listeners' heads. It all added up to a quality that can be heard often at Donte's (where studio musicians are guaranteed an outlet): total communication.

The frosting on this high-calory cake appeared in the person of Sonny Criss, who, like all good party men, rallied to the North Hollywood nitery to dig this dream quintet. Criss ventured over to the stand to exchange hellos and suddenly found himself "drafted" by Carter, who offered Criss his combo, his mike, even his alto.

But that's rushing the chronology. This was Carter's gig; it was his sound that dominated the evening and made one nostalgic for the "halcyon days" of jazz.

Tunes such as *C-Jam Blues, Shadow of Your Smile,* and *When Lights Are Low* revealed that Carter is still one of the most eloquent, lyrical, and swinging instrumentalists of this or any era. Perhaps his most significant contribution to the art of improvising is the well-sculptured line. His phrases flow; logically, melodiously and oh, so beautifully.

In sliding *sympatico,* Byers provided more of the same on trombone. Occasionally, when the spirit moved him, he would launch into a flurry of notes, usually climaxing them with a sweeping vault into the stratosphere. His lip is still quite limber, and his tone supple.

Jones never over-comped. He listened, followed the harmonic direction that solos might be assuming, or in many instances, "suggested" an alternate course. While there were harmonic adjustments taking place constantly, a steady rhythmic interplay was kept up by Harris, filling gaps with utmost taste. Some of his licks were downright mischievous, others tended to push his colleagues. And there was Mitchell, weaving his firm, cello-like thread into the tapestry.

Everything jelled. Even the relaxed announcements by Carter swung. When he acceded to a customer's request for a Jimmy Jones solo, Benny announced that Jones would play *"a capulco."* Jones chose *Don't Blame Me,* and gave every pianist in the house a thorough lesson in reharmonization while doodling around in an introspective *rubato.*

Carter—genteel, genial, and gentlemanly—became surprisingly persuasive when Criss came into view. Sonny relented on one condition: that the group play an old Carter tune, *Blues In My Heart.*

Criss' mournful tone and funky conception took hold immediately—with everyone except Criss. Midway through his second chorus, he suddenly stopped the group, mumbled a few words to Carter, and they reverted to the perennial blues

in B♭. This was obviously to Criss' liking, and he erupted into a Vesuvius of notes, ideas pouring forth faster than one could digest them.

Again, something began to bug Criss, even though everything was cooking smoothly (Carter was now doubling on trumpet), but Harris saved the number with some well-chosen exclamation points

JIM MAZZUCHI

Benny Carter
Eloquent, Lyrical, Swinging

that must have punctuated Criss' innermost thoughts with devastating accuracy.

Whatever it was, it mattered not one 64th note. The overall musicianship was superb. Again the cry could be heard: "it should have been recorded." Yes, it should have been, but for some ineffable reason, when microphones are hooked up and tape is rolling, the unexpected seldom happens. —*Harvey Siders*

Vi Redd
Ronnie Scott's Jazz Club
London, England

Personnel: Miss Redd, vocals, alto saxophone; Harry South, piano; Dave Holland, bass; Tony Oxley, drums.

When a bright-eyed young woman jetted into London last fall, carrying a saxophone case and filled with enthusiasm, she was about to accomplish the near impossible. Armed only with a Gospel-drenched voice and funky saxophone, Vi Redd shifted the complacent Scott crowd off their butts. On a couple of occasions, she compelled them to stand and cheer.

It was hard going at times for the tempestuous performer, for the undemonstrative Londoners are one of the world's hardest audiences to reach, but during a stay which by popular demand was extended to Christmas, Miss Redd never conceded defeat. Shouting, roaring, stomping, and sweating, she had the patrons sweating too by the time she was through.

Her favorite opener was a leaping *On A Clear Day*, taken faster than it usually is done, followed by a mostly instrumental *Summertime*. She puts her whole heart into her saxophone playing, coming on like an updated Charlie Parker and cocking a snoot at those who say women can't play jazz. To say that she blows manfully is no insult to her femininity, merely an indication of her ability. Her prowess on the instrument was quite a revelation.

On an essentially lyrical tune like *Loverman*, Miss Redd would start gently and then gradually fall back on the inescapable funkiness inherent in her musical upbringing. Long earrings swinging in time to the music, she shows that background—a New Orleans-born drummer father (Alton Redd) and the church—and is proud of it.

Not surprisingly, Miss Redd is most at home with the blues, a world she tackles with no punches pulled. *Roll 'Em, Pete* is one of her favorites, the lyrics differing slightly from the definitive Joe Turner version. The actual timbre of her voice varies somewhat from day to day, depending, she explained, on the weather and amount of sleep, and so it can at times have a slightly unpleasant, harsh quality, but when the singer is really together, as she is most nights, she can shout like nobody's business. Her saxophone is out there, driving, and she never

VALERIE WILMER

Vi Redd
Bird and the Blues

shirks her responsibility to the blues roots that nurtured her.

Too frequently, Gospel-influenced singers of Miss Redd's type find it difficult to slow down the pace, but her reading of *I Fall in Love Too Easily* was one to remember, just as the instrumental *I Can't Get Started* was one to move a listener down to his toes, and both proved Miss

Redd an exception to the rule.

She came to London unheralded, an unknown quantity, and left behind a reputation for swinging that latecomers will find hard to live up to.

—Valerie Wilmer

Nathan Davis

Le Chat Qui Peche, Paris, France

Personnel: Davis, tenor saxophone; Georges Arvanitas, piano; Jacky Samson, bass; Charles Saudrais, drums.

Thirty-year-old, Kansas City-born Davis, who has been a resident of France since his discharge from the Army in 1962, is not only a fine musician but also an enthusiast.

This comes across so strongly in his playing that he was able to create an atmosphere of intense excitement even on the poorly patronized night of this review.

Davis, who sounds at some moments like John Coltrane, at others like Johnny Griffin, but most of the time like Nathan Davis, has a great deal of well-disciplined technique and a warmly rasping tone. He is a restless seeker after new ideas. His playing is rarely marred by cliches, and though he makes regular sorties into the no-man's land of free jazz, he still keeps one foot firmly in the orthodox camp.

Davis clearly drew inspiration from the playing of Arvanitas, surely one of the most underrated pianists in jazz. Arvanitas, endowed with a rich versatility and a sure knowledge of chords, triumphed so conclusively over an out-of-tune piano and unaccommodating acoustics that he practically stole the show.

Samson, a greatly improved bassist, laid down a strongly rhythmic and harmonic foundation, and Saudrais, though tending at times to be haphazard with his accents, was an accurate and vigorous timekeeper. The fact that the three rhythm men play regularly together as a trio enhanced the togetherness of the group.

Davis opened with his own *Medieaval Dance,* a Latin-flavored piece in which the attractive theme was stated in unison with the bass. Davis soloed resourcefully while Arvanitas comped watchfully behind him, often echoing a tenor phrase on the piano.

Arvanitas then stretched out on a long solo that fully revealed the breadth of his talent. He used the whole piano, avoided repetition, and swung wholeheartedly.

On *Rules of Freedom,* a Davis theme on the chords of *What Is This Thing Called Love,* the composer built beautifully through two choruses; then the rhythm section laid out while he took three more unaccompanied choruses, leaving no corner of the tune unexplored.

Arvanitas followed with an extended solo, most of it unaccompanied, which was a little masterpiece of construction and imagination. Like Davis, Arvanitas shows evident influences—Bud Powell and Bill Evans in particular—but he also has a great deal of his own to say, and he says it with eloquence.

The set finished with another Davis original, *Love Ye Thy Neighbor* (in ¾ time), and again Davis and Arvanitas played supremely well. It was sad that there weren't more than a dozen people in the club to hear this virile and invigorating music.

—Mike Hennessey

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THAD

(Continued from page 19)

opportunities for the band. They have been to California, and at certain festivals, but the only recent trip was for a concert in Wilmington, Del.

"You can't keep a band together sitting in one town," Jones feels, "because too many things are going to pull you in too many different directions. If the band is to remain complete, we're going to have to do some traveling. Certain individuals won't be able to travel as much as the others, but in the main, the band will remain intact for most of our travels. We're interested in college jobs and quick pops out and back—a week and come back in, or two weeks, and at the most, three weeks, because that won't hurt anybody. You won't lose any connections that way. Anything over that involves a risk, and we don't want to saddle anyone with an obligation that they can fulfill. I think we can do it. To me, it seems the only solution. As good a band as it is, you can't just

play on Monday night forever."

Don't tell this to the regulars who pack the Village Vanguard each week, even on a Monday in January when the temperature hit 1° below zero.

"We feature ensembles, and the solos are an added attraction," states Jones. "Our biggest thing is ensembles. That's our thing. Everything we do is geared to that." If you've never been to the Vanguard to hear the Jones-Lewis Band, listen to the reaction of the crowd in the middle of Thad's arrangement of brother Hank's composition *Ah, That's Freedom* on the band's *Live at the Village Vanguard* album. His "thing" is a double-barreled, ring-tailed, communicating success.

When Jones and I had completed our interview, he had an afterthought. "I'd like to apologize to all the arrangers I missed commenting on. I'm sure they're more numerous than I could ever mention. If there's any way out of the dilemma in *this* business, I think it's through the writers and their use of whatever devices are available to them. Big bands are about to turn the corner. With possibly a little more promotional push, it might just make it. It might just make it back around." db

RICHARDS

(Continued from page 23)

painter with several gallery exhibitions to her credit.

Concerning jazz, Richards commented: "What I love about jazz is that the soloist can add so much to the composition when he improvises. He gives it another dimension and creates something greater than the composition by itself."

As for electronic and rock music, his attitude is that "only people can create from their emotions, not machines with their parts. And with all the electrical equipment and amplifiers these rock groups carry—what happens if they blow a fuse?"

Uncomfortable with compromise, uneasy with commerce, and unwilling to suffer stupidity, he will not put his name on an endeavor that does not reflect his standards of quality and integrity. He once sat out the remaining two years of a recording contract because the label wanted him to record arrangements that did not represent "him."

He wears a tailored smock for conducting rather than a coat. When one cultural establishment requested that all performers wear tails, he replied, "When you contract for Johnny Richards, his clothing comes with him." He conducted the date—in his smock.

He holds a bachelor's and master's degree in music and has studied with Arnold Schoenberg and Ralph Vaughan Williams. He also can play every instrument in the orchestra.

While he insists that his written notes be honored, he is equally insistent that each musician in his orchestra contribute something of himself to the composition. The loyalty of his musicians is legendary; they answer his call because his music startles and challenges them and gives them great pleasure in playing.

And—most important of all—every penny he can get goes into maintenance of his orchestra.

For further maintenance thereof, there will be the customary Richards music—"more music for the band."

There also will be "whatever classical or clinic music I might want to pen. I might be thinking of a Greek folk song, a Japanese lullaby, or a South American samba. Or maybe I'll write a piece for Laurindo Almeida to play on guitar with my band; I just love his music.

"My latest thing, though, is called *Nofretete*, after a queen in Egyptian mythology. It's in 15/8, and if you really want to understand the rhythm . . ." he grinned ". . . . just imagine that you're watching a camel walking." db

AD LIB

(Continued from page 14)

tige, with **Eddie Green,** piano; **Ben Tucker,** bass; and **Lennie McBrowne,** drums . . . Saxophonist **Eric Kloss** did another date for Prestige with **Jimmy Owens,** trumpet, fluegelhorn; **Kenny Barron,** piano; **Bob Cranshaw,** bass; and **Alan Dawson,** drums.

Los Angeles: "Benefit" would be the wrong word. What took place at **Redd Foxx's** was more heartwarming. The popular comedian has been scuffling lately, and found himself in a very precarious position: his life savings are invested in his club, and the club was doing very poorly. During a recent guest stint on the **Joey Bishop** TV show, Foxx discussed his plight. Bishop came to the rescue immediately, volunteering his services over the New Year's weekend and imploring other entertainers to do likewise. Result: the month of January was filled with maximum talent for minimum scale by all walks of show biz. Among those who came to Foxx's aid: **Billy Eckstine, Lou Rawls, Hazel Scott, Bill Henderson, Bill Cosby, Kirk Stuart,** and **Dorothy Donegan.** When Mr. B. headlined the show, the line outside the club stretched for half a block. It's a great feeling when heart is added to soul . . . A change in schedules found **George Shearing** booked into the Hong Kong Bar at the Century Plaza for a six-week engagement (**Lionel Hampton,** who had been signed for this gig, will play at a later date). With Shearing: **Joe Pass,** guitar; **Charlie Shoemake,** vibes; **Bob Whitlock,** bass; **Colin Bailey,** drums . . . The Samoan-born swinger, **Mavis Rivers,** played a two-week engagement at the Playboy Club, backed by the **Paul Moer** Trio (Moer, piano; Ralph Pen, bass; Dave Barry, drums). During one of those weeks, **Damita Jo** was in another of the Playboy rooms, backed by the **Charles Dungey** Trio . . . How many jazzmen can boast of going to Paris for a one-nighter? **Joe Sample** can. The pianist went there with the **Beach Boys** for a UNICEF show. While there, he bumped into fellow Angeleno **Hampton Hawes,** who has recorded three albums in Europe during the past two months. Sample reported this between sets at Donte's, where he worked with the **Bobby Hutcherson-Harold Land** Quintet. Others in the group: **Albert Stinson,** bass; **Donald Bailey,** drums. The quintet followed the Donte's gig with one at the Factory, an exclusive Beverly Hills discotheque; then, by way of contrast, a one-nighter in the more soulful atmosphere of Marty's-on-the-Hill . . . Another soul-soaked atmosphere—the It Club—had Dorothy Donegan twice, separated by a rare West Coast appearance by **Gloria Lynne.** Miss Lynne was backed by the **Bobby Timmons** Trio. Until now, Miss Donegan's West Coast forays were equally rare, but she is planning to make Los Angeles her home. For her first appearance, Miss Donegan was backed by **Dave Bryant,** bass; and **Frank Butler,** drums. For her second, she used **Frank Lane,** bass; **Donald Dean,** drums. Following the Donegan trio, the **Three Sounds** came into the club . . . More roots in the Los Angeles area have been established by bass player **Ike Isaacs,** who bought into **Earl Bostic's** Flying Fox, owned by Bostic's widow, Hildegarde. Isaacs is a partner in the supper club and president of Bostic Enterprises. He and drummer **Jimmy Smith,** currently with **Erroll Garner,** plan to work often at the Flying Fox. Joe Sample has been working with the group whenever possible, and when he is not available, **Tommy Strode** substitutes. Making a swinging fourth lately: blues singer **Jimmy Witherspoon** . . . The mad Arabian, **Willie Restum,** took a six-week hiatus from the Hollywood Playboy Club to work in the San Francisco Playboy Club. Behind Restum, trying to keep pace with his "instant medlies," has been the **Bob Corwin** Trio (**Jerry Friedman,** bass; **Johnny Guerin,** subbing for **Bill Goodwin,** drums). Guerin also worked with **Roger Kellaway's** Quartet for the last three nights of their gig. Others with Kellaway: **Tom Scott,** reeds; **Chuck Domanico,** bass . . . **Peggy Lee** signed for three return appearances on **Dean Martin's** NBC-TV show, and the BBC has pacted her to a trio of TV specials during her upcoming European tour. **Lou Levy** is thinking of leaving Miss Lee as her musical director. At the same time, Miss Lee is thinking of replacing him with **Ronnell Bright.** Trouble is, **Ella Fitz-**

gerald is thinking of making Bright the same offer . . . **Mike Barone** is getting back into Donte's orbit via two groups: his own big band and **Trombones Unlimited.** The Barone band will follow **Louis Bellson's** band on a regular weekly basis. (Barone just did some charts for Bellson.) Trombones Unlimited has **Frank Rosolino** and Barone sharing the front line, along with **Frank Strazzeri,** piano; **Mike Anthony,** guitar; **Albert Stinson,** bass; and **Nick Martinis,** drums . . . Marty's-on-the-Hill featured **Mongo Santamaria** for two weeks, interrupted by a **Count Basie** one-nighter. With Mongo were **Louis Gasca,** trumpet; **Freddie Washington,** reeds; **Mauricio Smith,** flute; **Rodgers Grant,** piano; **Victor Venegas,** bass; **Carmello Garcia,** drums and timbales. Following Mongo, **Kenny Dixon's** house group was featured for two weeks, then **Nina Simone** came in for 10 days . . . **Mary Kaye** brought a trio into Joann's Castle, in Woodland Hills, for a month-long stay. Miss Kaye, **Ray Malus,** and **Ronnie Douglas** are all guitar players, but with ukulele and harmonica thrown in, there is at least some variety . . . **Harry James** and his band—along with singer **Jack Jones**—were featured at the Carousel Theater in West Covina for two nights . . . **Johnny Guarnieri** took care of business all alone at Ellis Island. Strange to see solo jazz pianists these days, but then Guarnieri uses a two-handed, stride approach that hints of other days. His main concession to today is his gimmick of converting all requests to 5/4 time . . . A recent item in one of the Hollywood trade papers complained about the lack of Negro entertainers in Vietnam. Shortly thereafter, it was learned that **Billy Eckstine** will be serenading our troops there in late February. **Sammy Davis Jr.** plans to follow suit. A letter from **Ray Charles'** office to the paper claimed that Ray had volunteered three times to tour Vietnam and each time was turned down. A check with the military revealed that Charles' blindness is the problem . . . The Jazz Suite—the membership-only club that is being built on the site of the fabled Romanoff's Restaurant in Beverly Hills—claims it is about 40% subscribed thus far. Among the members: **Count Basie,** the **Four Freshmen, Stan Kenton, Shelly Manne, Buddy Rich,** and **Nancy Wilson.** Among those who plan to join: **Tony Bennett, Bobby Darin, Duke Ellington,** Ella Fitzgerald, **Hank Mancini,** and **Frank Sinatra** . . . Disneyland rang in the new year with a midnight spectacular devoted to Dixieland. Among the entertainers: **The Firehouse Five Plus Two, The Young Men From New Orleans,** and the **Clara Ward Singers** . . . The **New Orleans Jazz Club of California** held a special awards ceremony for **Turk Murphy** in which Murphy received honorary life membership in the NOJCC. Participating in the awards ceremony was a former recipient: **Ben Pollack.** Another Dixieland organization has been formed —like the NOJCC—in Orange County. It's called **Jazz Inc.,** and like the older organization, meets the first Sunday of each month. The opening affair featured **Wild Bill Davison** leading a combo . . . **Ben DiTosti** continues to front the house trio at Ye Little Club in Beverly Hills. With DiTosti: **Chris Clark,** bass; **Stix Hooper,** drums . . . In Palm Springs, the New Ranch Club re-opened, after being dark for a year and a half. While the club features various acts every two weeks, the house combo, fronted by **Red Norvo,** has been signed until the summer . . . **Kenny Hagood** has been holding down the vocal spot at Memory Lane on Mondays lately. Still sporting the old nickname of "Pancho," Hagood has been using **John Houston** on piano ("my favorite West Coast pianist") and alternating bassists (**David Dyson** and **Henry Franklin**) and drummers (**Donald Dean** and **Nick Martinis**) . . . A Sunday afternoon concert at the Ice House in Pasadena featured the **Quintet de Sade.** Presented by **Ray Bowman,** the quintet included **Tom Shepherd,** reeds; **Bill Hanson,** piano; leader **Dave Pritchard,** guitar and sitar; **Louis Ledlietter,** bass; and **Dean Karas,** drums . . . **Irv Jacobs'** weekly labor of love, *The Ellington Era* (heard over KFMX in San Diego), was selected as Program of the Year by the president of the station . . . Louis Bellson gave his pupil **Wayne Newton** a $3,000 drum set . . . **Bola Sete** started off the new year at the Lighthouse at Hermosa Beach. **Wayne Henderson,** who had been there recently

with the **Jazz Crusaders**, returned to front a combo known as the **Freedom Sounds.** Following the Henderson combo, **Dizzy Gillespie** checked in . . . The **Charles Lloyd** Quartet played a one-nighter at UCLA . . . Singer-guitarist **Roy Gaines** has replaced **Sam Fletcher** at the Club Casbah. **Dolo Coker's** trio still holds forth there. Still holding forth at the Caribbean Lounge: the **Janelle Hawkins** Trio. New at Willie Davis' Center Field: **Richard Dorsey** and his trio, plus reed man **Curtis Peagler** . . . Vocalist **Kim Weston** followed **Q. Williams** into Memory Lane to enjoy the backing of **Sweets Edison** and his quintet . . . The **Jazz Symphonics** returned to the Tropicana . . . **Mel Torme** has written a one-hour TV special for Universal called *The Singers.* It deals with certain pop tunes and those who made them famous. No announcement yet of its being picked up by a network. Torme was recently honored by the Jewish National Fund for his services to the community.

Chicago: The Sheraton-O'Hare hotel initiated a name band policy in January with **Louis Armstrong's All Stars,** followed by the **Glenn Miller-Buddy DeFranco** Band; **Harry James** (Feb. 11-18), and **Woody Herman** (Feb. 25) . . . The Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians began the new year with a series of Monday concerts at the Harper Theater. The inaugural group was the **Richard Abrams** Sextet (**Absholom Benshlomo, Maurice McIntyre,** tenor saxophones; Abrams, piano, reeds; **Charles Clark, Leonard Jones,** basses; **Thurman Barker,** drums), followed by reed man **Roscoe Mitchell's** trio (trumpeter **Lester Bowie,** bassist **Malachi Favors**); and **The Trio** (tenorist **Fred Anderson,** multi-instrumentalist **Lester Lashley,** and drummer **Alvin Fielder**). Altoist **Anthony Braxton's** group performed in concert at Abraham Lincoln Community Center Feb. 4. On successive Sundays following the Braxton performance, concerts will be led by bassist Jones, tenorist Benshlomo, trumpeter **Frank Gordon,** reed man Mitchell, trumpeter **Leo Smith,** and drummer **Jerol Ajay** . . . The eighth annual University of Chicago Folk Festival, Feb. 2-4, featured **Howling Wolf, Bukka White,** and the **Johnny Shines Blues Band,** among many other performers. Lectures, panel discussions, and workshops covering many phases of folk music were held in conjunction with the performances at Ida Noyes Hall on the campus . . . **Frank Hubbell and the Stompers** (Hubbell, trumpet; **Bill Hanck,** trombone; **Russ Whitman,** reeds; **Dick Speer** and **Marty Grosz,** banjo, guitar; **Wayne Jones,** drums) closed at the London House Jan. 14. They were followed by the **Kirby Stone Four,** who did three weeks. Pianist **Carol Coleman** leads the house group Wednesdays and Thursdays, while the **Eddie Higgins** Trio takes a rest . . . **Fats Domino** closed at the Scotch Mist Jan. 21. **The Mob** did the next 10 days, followed by the **Four Tops,** currently in residence . . . Multi-instrumentalist **Philip Cohran's Artistic Heritage Ensemble** blows Fridays through Sunday evenings at the AFFRO-Arts Theater (3947 S. Drexel Blvd.). During February, the latest edition of **James Baldwin's** *Blues for Mister Charlie,* starring WVON deejay **E. Rodney Jones,** is being staged during the weekends, beginning at 8 p.m. The Ensemble plays between the acts. For ticket information, call WA 4-2140. A benefit for poet-essayist-playwright **LeRoi Jones** will be held at the theater during the month of March . . . **Bob Tilles,** staff drummer at CBS and author of the book *Practical Improvisation,* gave a mid-December clinic at Frank's Drum Shop. Frank's owner, **Maurie Lishon,** celebrates the shop's 30th anniversary (at the same location) Feb. 28 . . . Pianist **Judy Roberts** and her trio taped a ½-hour show for WTTW-TV. It will be shown in the spring . . . The **Harley Paquin** Trio (Paquin, piano; **Al Patrick,** bass; **Don Shirah,** drums) are in their sixth year at the Red Roof Steak House in Portage, Mich. The room is halfway between Detroit and Chicago.

New Orleans: British singer **Steve Perry** did a folk-rock concert at the Civic Theater in late December. Perry, who has two LPs and numerous major TV and club appearances to his credit in the U.S., has gained considerable following among local teenagers as an actor with the New Orleans Repertory Theater Company. Perry played the lead in the repertory theater's opening production, *Charley's Aunt,* and

is currently playing Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The Repertory Theater, which is funded by federal and local money, performs for some 40,000 students in the greater New Orleans area . . . The New Orleans Jazz Club's Christmas dance featured guitarist **Frank Federico** and his band. The jazz club is in the process of electing a new board of directors, who will administrate the International Jazz Festival in May . . . Clarinetist **Pete Fountain** threw a party for his Mardi Gras Half-Fast Marching Club at the Sheraton-Charles Hotel. Fountain also sponsored a party and jam session at his new Storyville Lounge, attended by trumpeter **Bobby Hackett** and tenor saxist **Eddie Miller**, in honor of pianist-singer **Judy West**. Miss West was en route to Nashville to cut some singles for impresario **Jerry Purcell**, after an engagement at Fountain's club on the same bill with trumpeter **Warren Luening** . . . Pianist **Pibe Hine** and his Latin-jazz group are on leave from the Bistro lounge, making a six-week tour of Latin American countries . . . Drummer **Paul Barbarin** and his traditional band flew to Alliance, Ohio to play for a Christmas dance . . . A new satirical review in the French Quarter features two familiar figures on the music scene. Singer **Margie O'Dair** and trumpeter **Stu Bergen** are headliners in *The Upper Udder* at the Cabaret Theater on St. Peter Street. Bergen led a Dixieland group under the name of **Red Hot** for several years; Miss O'Dair was heard on the old *Dawn Busters* radio show and worked with the late **Blue Prestopnik**, brother of clarinetist **Irving Fazola**, in the early 1950s.

Las Vegas: The **Buddy Rich** Band, fresh from a tour of the Orient, was at the Sands Celebrity Theater for a four-week engagement in January. With enthusiastic soloists in each section, excellent jazz arrangements, and Rich's driving beat and intense solos, the band created much excitement. Directed by pianist-arranger **Ted Howe**, it also provided backing for singer **Frankie Randall**, with drummer **Joe LaBarbera** in the rhythm section. Rich's personnel was **Chuck Findley, John Murakami, Russ Iverson, John Sottile**, trumpets; **Sam Burtis, Pat Thompson, Bob Brawn**, trombones; **Ernie Watts, Charles Owens, Jay Corre, Pat LaBarbera, Frank Cappozolli**, reeds; **Russ Turner**, piano; **Walt Namuth**, guitar; **Ron Rudoli**, bass. When Corre took ill, the tenor chair was filled by Pat LaBarbera, and **Arno Marsh** was temporarily added . . . Former **Stan Kenton** baritonist **Steve Perlow** has been named musical director for the soon-to-be-opened Landmark Hotel, and is assembling a formidable line-up of sidemen for the house band . . . Singer **Lauri Perry** and her jazz trio (**Ernie Mariani**, piano; **Billy Christ**, bass; **Ron Ogden**, drums) were swinging tastefully through an indefinite engagement at the Sahara's Don the Beachcomber restaurant . . . **Louis Armstrong**, in great form, brought his band to the Tropicana's Blue Room for a two-week stay,

with regulars **Tyree Glenn**, trombone and vibes; **Joe Muranyi**, clarinet; **Marty Napoleon**, piano; **Buddy Catlett**, bass; **Danny Barcelona**, drums, and **Jewell Brown**, vocals. Following one of Satchmo's late sets, the big band of **Jimmy Guinn** presented the second in the series of the Blue Room's big-band concerts. Guest emcee **Joe Delaney** read an opening tribute to Louis with band backing; then trombonist Guinn presented an hour of fine big-band sounds with **Wes Hensel, Bill Hodges, Carl Saunders, Bob Shew, Norm Prentice**, trumpets; **John Boice, Ken Tiffany, Eddie Morgan, Bill Rogers**, trombones; **Tom Hall, Dick Busey, Bill Trujillo, Rick Davis, Kenny Hing**, reeds; **Gus Mancuso**, piano; **Moe Scarazzo**, bass; **Joey Preston**, drums . . . **Duke Ellington** was on hand at the early a.m. reception for newlyweds **Harry James** and **Joan Boyd.**

Japan: At the end of the **Buddy Rich** Band's second concert in Japan, at Tokyo's Sankei Hall, a packed house gave the drummer and his men a standing ovation that lasted through 11 curtain calls. A verteran Japanese jazz writer who has attended jazz, pop, rock, and folk concerts here for many years described it as "the greatest round of applause received by any act in a Tokyo concert hall in my memory." Drummers **George Kawaguchi, Hideo Shiraki**, and **Jimmy Takeuchi** were showcased with the Rich band in separate appearances during Buddy's tour here. Takeuchi, at Rich's final appearance in Japan at the Tachikawa Military Civilian Club, was given one of the biggest introductions of his career by Rich, who was drumming furiously and simultaneously talking into a microphone. "And now . . . (roll) . . . one of Japan's finest big-band drummers . . (roll) . . . Jimmy Takeuchi! . . . (cymbals and bass drum). The young Japanese drummer was so overwhelmed by the occasion that he promptly threw the drumstick in his right hand over his shoulder. The show was held up briefly while the stick was retrieved, since Takeuchi had no replacement handy. **Sharps & Flats'** lead trombonist **Hiroshi Sakamoto** was borrowed to fill in for ailing **Jack Spurlock** with the Rich band. Just before the Tachikawa performance, Rich reportedly fired guitarist **Dick Resnicoff.** The leader, according to an eyewitness account, came onto the bandstand behind the curtains as the guitarist was doodling on his instrument. Said Rich: "Okay, how about keeping some time tonight . . . for a change!" The guitarist is said to have retorted: "You're the drummer . . . you keep the time!" Sayonara to, and walking papers for, one guitarist . . . A recent poll of readers of this country's most popular Japanese-language music magazine showed that **Erroll Garner** is the jazz artist fans here would most like to see live. Still, agents have been slow in taking the hint.

Toronto: **Buck Clayton** played a three-week date at the Colonial, with **Buddy Tate**, tenor saxophone; **Sir Charles Thompson**, piano; **Franklyn Skeete**, bass; **Jackie Williams**, drums. **Earl Hines** followed with his quartet (**Budd Johnson**, saxophones; **Bill Pemberton**, bass; **Oliver Jackson**, drums), also for three weeks . . . **Henry Cuesta**, on clarinet and baritone saxophone, did two weeks at The Town with his quintet . . . **Hagood Hardy**, on vibraharp, was featured with a 10-piece orchestra on *Here's Hagood*, the 96th album produced by the Canadian Talent Library for Canadian radio stations. RCA Victor will release the album for public distribution in February . . . **Jim McHarg's Metro Stompers** are back at the Ports of Call after two weeks at the Carousel Inn in Ajax, Ontario.

Pittsburgh: The night after Christmas saw an SRO crowd of 2200 turn out for pianist-leader **Walt Harper's** best-attended Jazz Workshop at the Hilton Hotel's Main Ballroom. It featured the wrap-up performance of the disbanding **Dave Brubeck** Quartet. The group began its last gig with *Take the A Train* and tried to bow out with *Take Five*, but a standing ovation called for an encore of *Exodus* . . . The **Max Roach** Quintet helped Crawford's Grill swing in the new year . . . The **Jon Bartell** Organ Quartet was at the Hurricane Bar . . . Organist **Gene Ludwig** played the Hollywood Club in Clairton, Pa. . . . Clarinetist **Jack Mahony** returned to action on New Year's Eve with the **Brad Hunt** Band at the Pittsburgh Athletic Association, while saxophonist **Jimmy Pellow** played his mainstream licks at the Holiday Inn West . . . Disc jockey **Bill Powell's** weekly Sunday evening jazz sessions at the Aurora Club have recently included such guests as saxophonist **Eric Kloss** and drummer **Roger Humphries** . . . The first week of the new year saw a George Washington Carver Week reception for 500 at the Webster Hall Hotel entertained by jazzmen **Carl Arter**, piano, and **Jon Walton**, tenor saxophone . . . Canadian vocalist **Valerie Carr** joined the jazz-rock group called **These Village Grooves** at the end-of-the-year party at the Fort Duquesne Home Association.

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St. Louis: **Jeanne Trevor** continues to handle her busy schedule successfully—she's still doing her show on local jazz station KADI-FM, and joins **Jim Becker** at the Renaissance Room nightly to delight the local patrons with her vocal talents . . . Organist **Dick Balsano,** with guitarist **Bob Caldwell** and drummer **Pat Pastore,** continues his engagement at the Sheraton Jefferson Hotel . . . **Singleton Palmer's** Dixieland group has left the Opera House in Gaslight Square after a four-year run, and was at the Brave Bull for a limited engagement . . . Drummer **Joe Buerger** is back on the scene and has joined bassist **Rodney Scott's** group at the Hi Ho Club . . . **The Marksmen,** featuring **Mark Lieberstein,** bass; **Mike Zikovick,** cordovox; **John DiMartino,** drums, and **Shari Drake,** vocals, have just released an album and are currently on tour . . . The River Queen (the steamboat moored at the Mississippi river levee), cancelled out the engagement of the **Johnny Woods** Trio and vocalist **Jerri Lynn**—by sinking! Fortunately no one was hurt—all the patrons had left the boat, and Woods, his wife, and a couple of other employees managed to escape without injury.

Dallas: **David (Fathead) Newman** is back in town after a long tour of Europe and the U.S. . . . The **Roosevelt Wardell** group, with **Marshall Ivory,** alto and tenor saxophones, continues at the Club Lark. The group seems to be "jelling," and crowds for the last month or so have been SRO . . . Dr. **Ronald L. Davis** of the SMU history department is doing research on a book about the history of American music and its relation to U.S. society. He was scheduled to give a lecture for the Dallas Jazz Society in January . . . Chicago tenor player **John Klemmer** was with **Xavier Cugat's** orchestra for a New Years gig in Ft. Worth . . . **Willie T. Albert** and the **Jazz Workers** continue to entertain at what is essentially the only Ft. Worth jazz spot, the Flamingo . . . Trumpeter **Louis Jordan** continues a long, happy arrangement with the Bon Vivant room of the Cabana Motor Hotel. Jordan's run there has been one of the longest in the Dallas area, with **Don Jacoby's** stay at the Village Club running a close second . . . **Stan Kenton's** orchestra played a concert here recently, with some new charts by **Dee Barton,** a Dallas Favorite Son. Kenton announced that a new album of all Barton compositions, *Modern Man,* will be released in May . . . Soul City saw the return of the **Ike** and **Tina Turner** revue during the holidays, and is getting set for the **Cannonball Adderley** Quintet in early February. This will be the club's first name jazz booking . . . Comedian **Bill Cosby** played a date in Dallas in January, but one of the highlights of the show was an appearance of **The Pair Extraordinaire,** a singer-bass player duo that delighted the audience. Curiously, no one seemed to know that they were home boys, one being from Dallas, the other from Ft. Worth.

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WHERE WHEN

The following is a listing of where and when jazz performers are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to Down Beat, 222 W. Adams, Chicago, Ill. 60606, six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: hb.—house band; tfn.—till further notice; unk.—unknown at press time; wknds.—weekends.

NEW YORK

Ali Baba: Louis Metcalf.
After the Ball (Saddlebrook, N.J.): Art Williams, Fri.-Sat.
Alibi Club (Ridgefield, Conn.): Joe Killian, wknds.
Apartment: Lee Shaw.
Arthur's Tavern: The Grove Street Stompers, Mon.
Basie's: unk.
Blue Morocco (Bronx): sessions, Mon.
Casey's: Freddie Redd.
Central Park North (White Plains): Sal Salvador, Wed.-Sun., tfn.
Charlie's: sessions, Mon.
Chuck's Composite: Jazz at Noon, Fri.
Cloud 9 Lounge (E. Brunswick, N.J.): Ralph Stricker, Fri.-Sat.
Cloud Room (East Elmhurst): Eddie Barnes.
Club Baron: sessions, Mon.
Club Ruby (Jamaica): sessions, Sun.
Continental (Fairfield, Conn.): sessions, Wed.
Coronet (Brooklyn): unk.
Cove Lounge (Roselle, N.J.): Morris Nanton, Thur.-Sun.
East Village In: sessions, Sat. afternoon.
Ferryboat (Brielle, N.J.): Dick Wellstood, Kenny Davern, Al McManus, George Mauro, Jack Six, Ed Hubble.
Flash's Lounge (Queen's Village): John Nicholas, Malcolm Wright, wknds.
Forest Hills Inn (Forest Hills): Otto-McLawler Trio, tfn.
Frammis: Lynn Christie, Roland Hanna, tfn.
Garden Dis-Cafe: Eddie Wilcox, Sonny Greer, Haywood Henry, wknds.
Gaslight Club: Sol Yaged, Dave Martin, Sam Ulano, Ray Nance.
Half Note: Al Cohn-Zoot Sims to 2/18. Clark Terry, 2/20-3/10.
Jazz at the Office (Freeport): Jimmy McPartland, Fri.-Sat.
La Boheme: sessions, Mon. eve., Sat.-Sun. afternoon.
Lake Tower Inn (Roslyn): Dave Rivera, tfn.
La Martinique: sessions, Thur.
Le Intrique (Newark, N.J.): Jazz 'n' Breakfast, Sun.
Lemon Tree Inn (Cliffside Park, N.J.): Dave Kalbin, The Page Three, Fri.-Sat.
Leone's (Port Washington): Dennis Connors, Tony Bella.
L'Intrigue: unk.
Little Club: Johnny Morris.
Long's Lounge (East Orange, N.J.): Les DeMerle.
Mark Twain Riverboat: Guy Lombardo to 2/22.
Metropole: unk.
Miss Lacey's: Cecil Young, Hal Dodson, tfn.
Motef (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Fri.
Mr. G's: Jay Chasin, Ray Rivera, tfn.
Musart: George Braith. Sessions, wknds.
077: unk.
Off Shore (Point Pleasant, N.J.): MST + One, wknds.
Piedmont Inn (Scarsdale): Billy Ford and the Thunderbird to 2/29.
Playboy Club: Walter Norris, Earl May-Sam Donahue, Art Weiss, Effie.
Pitt's Lounge (Newark, N.J.): Leon Eason.
Pookie's Pub: unk.
Rainbow Grill: Joe Williams to 3/2.
Red Garter: Jazz Interactions sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Jimmy Ryan's: Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Marshall Brown.
Shepheard's: unk.
Slug's: Yusef Lateef, 2/13-18.
Smalls Paradise: sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Star Fire Lounge (Levittown): Joe Coleman, sessions, Mon.
Sulky (Roosevelt Raceway): Dick Norell, Hap Gormley, Mon., Sat.
Sunset Strip (Irvington, N.J.): Wendell Marshall, sessions, Sun.
Tamburlaine: Al Haig, Jim Kappes, Bill Rubenstein, Hal Gaylor, Dottie Dodgion, Mon.
Tappan Zee Motor Inn (Nyack): Dottie Stallworth, Wed.-Sat.
Tomahawk Room (Roslyn): Ray Alexander, Mon.
Top of the Gate: unk.
Traveler's Cellar Club (Queens): Jimmy Butts, tfn.
Villa Pace (Smithtown): J. J. Salata, Sat.
Village Door (Jamaica): Horace Parlan, Peck Morrison, Slam Stewart.
Village Gate: unk.
Village Vanguard: Thad Jones-Mel Lewis, Mon.
White Plains Hotel: Saints and Sinners, Thur.-Sun.
Winecellar: unk.

LOS ANGELES

Aladdin: Thomas Todd.
Apiks (Montebello): Eddie Cano.
Beverly Hills High School: Festival of the Performing Arts, 2/10, 17, 24.
Brass Ring (Sherman Oaks): Vladimir & His Orchestra, Tue.
Caribbean: Jannelle Hawkins.
Center Field: Richard Dorsey, Curtis Peagler.
China Trader (Toluca Lake): Bobby Troup. Julian Lee, Sun.-Mon.
Club Casbah: Roy Gaines, Dolo Coker.
Daisy (Beverly Hills): Larry Cansler, Wed.
Dino's Lodge: Bill Marx, hb.
Dixie Junction (Orange): Tailgate Ramblers, Fri.-Sat. Jazz Inc., first Sun. each month.
Donte's (North Hollywood): Guitar Night, Mon. Teddy Buckner, Tue. Brass Night, Wed. Various groups, wknds.
Ellis Island (North Hollywood): Don Ellis, Mon. Jazz, nightly.
Fire Station Inn (Garden Grove): Sonny Helmer.
Flying Fox: Ike Isaacs.
Ice House (Pasadena): avant-garde concerts, twice monthly.
Immaculate Heart College: Bobby Hutcherson, 2/11.
It Club: jazz, nightly.
La Flambe (Tarzana): Matt and Ginny Dennis.
Lighthouse (Hermosa Beach): Dizzy Gillespie to 2/18. Young-Holt Trio, 2/20-3/3. Gabor Szabo, 3/5-17.
Lytton Center of the Visual Arts: jazz lecture by Ornette Coleman, 2/23.
Mardi Gras (San Diego): jazz, nightly.
Marty's (Baldwin Hills): Special guests, Mon. Kenny Dixon, hb.
Memory Lane: Harry (Sweets) Edison, Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis, Kim Weston.
Mickie Finn's (Beverly Hills & San Diego): Dixieland, silent films.
New Ranch Club (Palm Springs): Red Norvo.
Parisian Room: Perri Lee. Celebrity night, Mon.
Pied Piper: O. C. Smith, Jack Wilson. Jimmy Bunn, Tues., Sun.
Pizza Palace (Huntington Beach): South Frisco Jazz Band, Fri.-Sat.
Playboy Club: Les McCann, 2/8. Bob Corwin, hb. Willie Restum.
Red Log (Westwood): Johnny Lawrence. Dini Clarke, Sun.
Redd Foxx: Kirk Stewart, hb.
Ruddy Duck (Sherman Oaks): Stan Worth.
San Moritz Inn (Rosemead): Mort Marker, Mon.-Sat.
Shelly's Manne-Hole: Bill Evans to 2/18. Charlie Byrd, 2/20-3/3. Shelly Manne, Fri.-Sat.
Sherry's: Don Randi. Joanne Grauer, Sun.-Mon.
Smokehouse (Encino): Bobbi Boyle.
Stonewood Res. (Downey): Gary Jones, hb.
Tiki Island: Charles Kynard. Freddie Clark, Tue.
Tropicana: jazz, nightly.
Wonder Bowl (Downey): Johnny Lane.
Ye Little Club (Beverly Hills): Ben DiTosti, hb.

CHICAGO

AFFRO-Arts Theater: Phil Cohran, Fri.-Sun. evening, Sun. afternoon.
Baroque: Judy Roberts, Fri.-Sat.
Havana-Madrid: various Latin groups, wknds.
Hungry Eye: various organ groups.
Jazz, Ltd.: Bill Reinhardt.
London House: Joe Bushkin to 2/25. Walter Wanderley, 2/27-3/10. Gene Krupa, 3/12-31.
Jack Mooney's: Judy Roberts, Mon.-Thur., Sun. afternoon.
Midas Touch: Oscar Lindsey, Wed.-Sun. Ken Rhodes, Mon.-Tues. Gene Fox, sessions, Sun. afternoon.
Mister Kelly's: Arthur Prysock, 2/19-3/3. Miriam Makeba, 3/18-31. Larry Novak, Dick Reynolds, hbs.
Mother Blues: Linn County Blues Band, Wed.-Fri.
Nite-n-gale (Highwood): Mark Ellicott, Fri.-Sat.
Old Town Gate: Franz Jackson, Tue.-Sat. Jack Brown, Mon.
Playboy Club: Harold Harris, Keith Droste, Gene Esposito, Joe Iaco, hbs.
Plugged Nickel: name groups.
Pumpkin Room: Dave Shipp, wknds.
Sauer's Brauhaus: Richard Abrams, Fri.-Sat.
Scotch Mist: Harry James, 2/12-2/26.
Will Sheldon's: Tommy Ponce, Tue.-Sat.
Showboat Sari-S: Georg Brunis, Mon.-Sat. Jazz at Noon, Fri.
Trip: Allan Stevens-Mario Arcari, Johnny Gabor, Tue.-Sat.

SAN FRANCISCO

Basin Street West: The Checkmates, 2/16-24.
Bop City: Peter Mendelsohn, afterhours.
Both/And: Freddie Hubbard-Joe Henderson to 2/20. Bill Evans, 2/27-3/10. Miles Davis, 4/23-5/5.
C'est Bon: Chris Ibanez, Tue.-Sat. Jerry Good, Sun. Dick McGarvin, Mon.
Claremont Hotel (Oakland): Wilbert Barranco, wknds.
Earthquake McGoon's: Turk Murphy, Clancy Hayes, tfn.
El Matador: Charlie Byrd to 2/17. Gene Krupa, 2/22-3/2. Mongo Santamaria, 3/25-4/6.
Half Note: George Duke, Thur.-Sun.
hungry i: Clyde Pound, hb.
Jazz Workshop: Big Black to 2/18. Thelonious Monk, 2/20-3/3. Roland Kirk, 4/2-14.
Juke Box: Norman Williams, wknds.
Little Caesar: Mike Tilles.
New Hearth: Burt Bales, Fri.-Sat.
Pier 23: Bill Napier, Carol Leigh, wknds.
Playboy Club: Al Plank, hb.
Trident Club (Sausalito): unk.
Villa Roma: Jeanne Hoffman.

NEW ORLEANS

Bistro: Ronnie Dupont, Betty Farmer, Tony Page, Warren Leuning, Pibe Hine.
Court of Two Sisters: Smilin' Joe, tfn.
Dixieland Hall: Papa Celestin Band, Mon.-Thur. Cottrell-Barbarin Band, Fri.-Sun.
Dungeon: Bobby Douglas, afterhours.
Fairmont Room: Chuck Berlin, tfn.
Famous Door: Santo Pecora, Roy Liberto, hbs.
French Quarter Inn: Pete Fountain, Eddie Miller, tfn.
544 Club: Clarence (Frog Man) Henry, hb.
Al Hirt's: Dukes of Dixieland, 2/19-3/9.
Holly's: modern jazz afterhours, Fri.-Sat.
Jazz Corner: Willie-Tee, hb.
Kole's Korner: Ronnie Kole.
Outrigger: Stan Mendelsson, tfn.
Paddock Lounge: Thomas Jefferson, Snookum Russell, tfn.
Playboy Club: Al Belletto, Bill Newkirk, Bob Prado.
Preservation Hall: various traditional groups.
Steamer President: Crawford-Ferguson Night Owls, Sat.
Top-of-the-Mart: Joe Burton, Paul Guma, tfn.
Touché: Armand Hug, tfn.

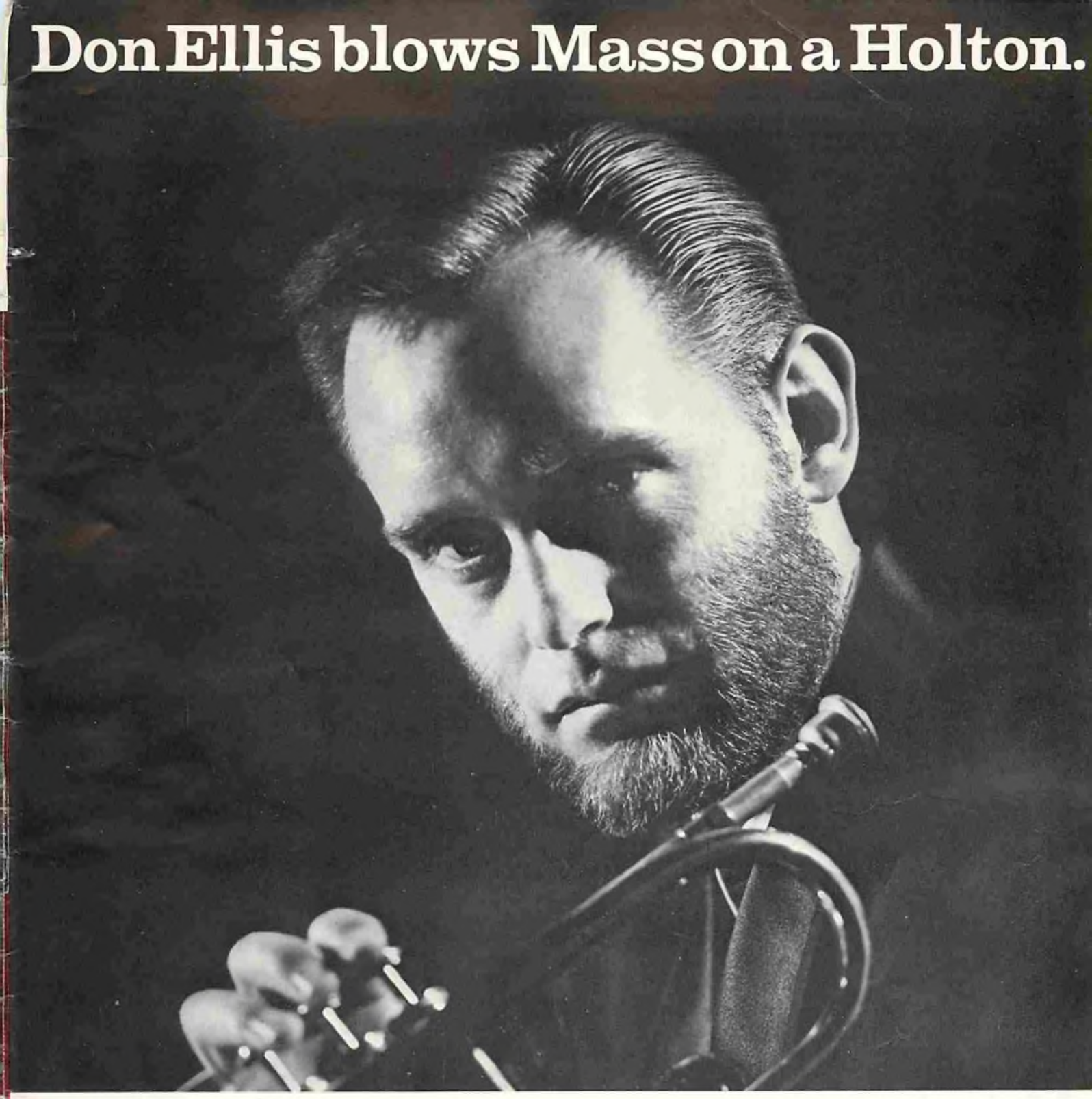
ST. LOUIS

Brave Bull: Singleton Palmer, tfn.
Clayton Inn: Don Schroeder-Joe Byington.
Crystal Terrace: Sal Ferrante, hb.
Hi Ho: The Tempos.
King Brothers: Eddie Johnson, hb.
Le Left Bank: Don Cunningham.
Montmartre: Herb Drury, Thur.-Sat. Jim Bolen, Thur.
Mr. G's LaCachette: various artists.
Mainlander: Marion Miller.
Playboy Club: Jazz Salerno Quartet, hb.
Renaissance Room: Jim Becker, Jeanne Trevor.
Stadium Motor Inn: Pete Johnstone, Fri.-Sun.
Upstream Lounge: Upstream Jazz Quartet.

DETROIT

Act IV: Eddie Webb, hb.
Apartment: Bobby Laurel.
Baker's Keyboard: Rev. Tom Vaughn, 2/9-11. Richard (Groove) Holmes, 2/22-3/3. Jimmy McGriff, 4/5-14. Redd Foxx, 4/22-5/2.
Bandit's Villa: Terry Harrington, Fri.-Sat. afterhours.
Barkey's: Gary Haines, Chuck Robinett, Mon.-Sat.
Bob and Rob's: Lenore Paxton, Tue.-Sat.
Breakers: Alex Kallao, Tue.-Sat.
Chez Beaux: Danny Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.
Empire Lounge (Flint): Don DeAndre, Mon.-Sat.
Frolic: Lyman Woodard, Fri.-Sun.
Jack Brokensha's: Jack Brokensha, Tue.-Sat. Ursula Walker, Fri.-Sat.
London Chop House: Mel Ball, Marlene Hill, Mon.-Sat.
Pagoda (Clawson): Joe Grande.
Pauper's Club: Jimmy Stefanson, Bu Bu Turner, Thur.-Sat.
Pier One: Willie Green.
Playboy: Matt Michael, J. C. Heard, Mon.-Sat.
Rich's (Lansing): Paul Cullen.
Robbins Nest: Harold McKinney, hb.
Roostertail: John Trudell, hb.
St. Regis Hotel: Dorothy Ashby.
Shadow Box: Mark Richards, Keith Vreeland, Fri.-Sat.
Sheraton Motor Inn (Warren): Harrison Price, Fri.-Sat. Carole Coleman.
Tonga: Charles Harris, Tue.-Sat., Sun. afternoon.
Town Bar (Ann Arbor): Ron Brooks, Thur.-Sat.
Wilkins Lounge (Orchard Lake): Bill Stevenson, Mon.-Sat.

Don Ellis blows Mass on a Holton.



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